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SEPTEMBER 10, 1963

NATIONAL REVIEW

A Journal of Fact and Opinion

The Case Against JFK'S MOSCOW TREATY

Also In This Issue:

ORIGINAL CONTRIBUTIONS BY LAWRENCE OF ARABIA AND EZRA POUND ◆ ANTHONY LEJEUNE WRAPS UP THE PROFUMO CASE ◆ A SEARCHING ESSAY BY WILLIAM RICKENBACKER

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NATIONAL REVIEW

A JOURNAL OF FACT AND OPINION

EDITOR: Wm. F. Buckley Jr.
PUBLISHER: William A. Rusher

EDITORS

James Burnham, Willmoore Kendall,
Frank S. Meyer, William F. Rickenbacker
MANAGING EDITOR: Priscilla L. Buckley
PRODUCTION: Martha Butler, Arlene Croce
ASSISTANT PUBLISHER: J. P. McFadden

ASSOCIATES

Frank Chodorov, D. G. M. Coxe,
Morrie Ryskind, Timothy J. Wheeler

CONTRIBUTORS

C. D. Batchelor, Colm Brogan, John Chamberlain,
John Abbot Clark, Peter Crumpet, Guy Davenport, A. Derso,
Joan Didion, M. Stanton Evans, Finis Farr, David Franke,
J. D. Futch, Aloise B. Heath, Will Herberg, Hugh Kenner,
James Jackson Kilpatrick, John D. Kreuttner,
Suzanne La Follette, Sir Arnold Lunn, J. B. Matthews,
Vincent Miller, Thomas Molnar, Gerhart Niemeyer,
Kenneth Shorey, Ralph de Toledano,
W. H. von Dreele, Frederick D. Wilhelmsen,
Garry Wills

FOREIGN CONTRIBUTORS

London: Anthony Lejeune
Munich: E. v. Kuehnelt-Leddihn

ART DIRECTOR: James W. O'Bryan
CIRCULATION MANAGER: Robert J. White
PROMOTION MANAGER: Patrick J. Gorman
ADVERTISING MANAGER: Michael M. Mooney

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This Issue . . .

➔ of NATIONAL REVIEW positively shimmers with excellence: how could anyone be modest about it? There is, first, a deeply philosophical essay, a triumph of disjunctive analysis, by **William F. Rickenbacker.** He returns to the provocative article of L. Brent Bozell, published about a year ago, on the matter of freedom, virtue, and the role of the state. Mr. Bozell's brilliant essay, and Frank Meyer's answer to it, caused discussion, which continues, from coast to coast. Here Mr. Rickenbacker disputing Mr. Bozell's conclusions, makes the case for the primacy of freedom in the political arena while still acknowledging a hierarchy of moral values, in which freedom is not first, but second. And even a society in which freedom is subordinated to virtue, Mr. Rickenbacker shows, requires a nonobtrusive state. . . . **William Rusher,** whose political analysis last winter, "Crossroads for the GOP," launched the thinking on which the Goldwater movement proceeded to float, brings us up to date, and easily plumbs the cant of many of Goldwater's opponents.

➔ The great national issue posed by Mr. Kennedy's imprudent conclusion of a pact with the Soviet Union is discussed from two points of view by Messrs. **Buckley** and **Burnham.** . . . **Will Herberg** concludes brilliantly his three-part analysis of the arguments used in favor of the Supreme Court's proscription of public prayer. He chides, compassionately, those mistaken purists who dream that by withdrawing from any point of official contact with public life, religion will be revivified, to come again another day, fired by the exuberance of long, long rest in the catacombs. (Inadvertently, we neglected to number Dr. Herberg's piece, in the issue of August 13, as the second in a series of three.)

➔ **George Fielding Eliot,** the distinguished military analyst, writes with extraordinary enthusiasm about Bruce Catton's latest book on the Civil War. It is not only superb history, it seems, but a superb statement of the kind of paralysis which protracted the War and escalated it into a total conflict; the kind of paralysis that grips us now. . . . **M. Stanton Evans** analyzes, with marvelous precision, the defects in the argument in favor of merging our political independence with the nations of the West. . . . **William Rusher** reviews the latest book by Ralph de Toledano, *The Greatest Plot in History.* The book is marvelously timely, for our attitudes today on security matters are much like those during the days when Russia learned, well ahead of the Atomic Energy Commission, about every little serendipity in American laboratories. . . . And a letter from **T. E. Lawrence,** never before published, illuminating his frame of mind a few years after departing the scene of glory, to serve as an anonymous cadet in the Royal Air Force. . . . And: original fragments—"Mindscapes," Hugh Kenner, who elicited them, dubs them—from **Ezra Pound,** whose hand is sure, even as his health falters. ➔

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Paine

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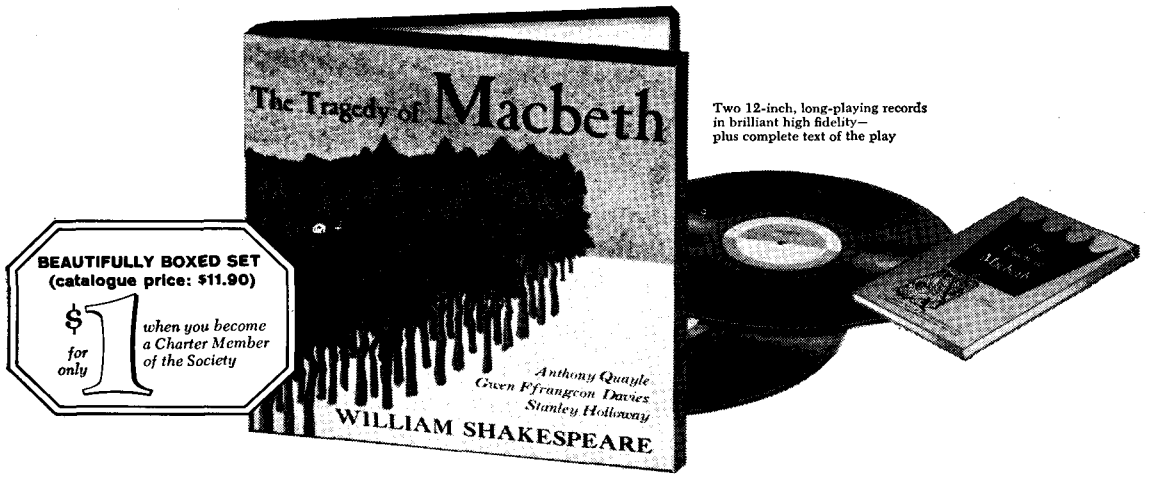
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The WEEK

● The Area Redevelopment boys have ladled out a grant for an algae conversion plant. *Horatio algae*, natch.

● Well, you'd think at least *one* responsible Democrat would get up and denounce the well-organized, fanatical, lunatic extremists who seized control of the thirteen-state Young Democrat organization, at a meeting in California last month, and tyrannically forced it to swallow those insane resolutions. You know—extend diplomatic recognition to Castro's Cuba, sign a non-aggression pact with the Warsaw mob, take our troops out of South Vietnam, abolish HUAC, repeal the Internal Security Act, and all that. If no Democrat will rise to the occasion, it won't be because it passed unnoticed. Senator Jack Miller (R., Iowa) has begged his Democratic colleagues to draw the line somewhere this side of rampant extremism in the junior party, and Rep. Ed Derwinski (R., Ill.) has put the House Democrats on notice that their party is being menaced by the fanatics. Or are the Democrats waiting for their cue from Rockefeller?

● HOW TO SUCCEED IN RAISING GOLD RESERVES WITHOUT REALLY ECONOMIZING: John Kennedy pulled a sharp one on the Canadians this summer. He announced a special tax on Canadian securities on July 18, then rescinded it two days later. But those two days were enough to drain Canada of $190,000,000 in gold and U.S. dollars—seven per cent of Canada's foreign exchange reserves. That sudden inflow made the U.S. gold figures for the week look pretty good.

● Paul Johnson emerges from the primary as the Democratic nominee for Governor of Mississippi. His victory is a defeat for responsible conservatism. The result of the race between Mr. Johnson and former Governor J. P. Coleman was not, as the Northern press has reported, a victory for right-wing anti-Kennedyism over pro-Kennedy "moderation." It signals the adoption of an insane approach by Mississippi Democrats to the problem of Mr. Kennedy (nomination of unpledged electors, no matter what) over a basically sane one (support of Senator Goldwater if he is the Republican nominee). For Mr. Johnson is not a man of the Right; his view of political issues could fairly be termed Liberal. What matters is that Mr. Johnson, like Governor Wallace and his mentor, Governor Barnett, is so obsessed by the single issue of race that he can move no further: he, and Governors Wallace and Barnett, simply cannot dream of supporting an "integrationist," not even if he's a states'-righter like Senator Goldwater. But all is not lost: if Republican candidate Rubel Phillips, despite the infancy of the statewide GOP organization and limited funds, can transcend Mr. Johnson's relentless demagogy, the split among Mississippi Democrats gives him a chance of victory in November.

● A Democratic senator who is generally pro-Kennedy but who has disagreed on occasion with the Administration's foreign policy wrote an article recently for a major magazine. The article was on the Cold War, and the editors suggested that the Communists might be referred to as "the enemy." The senator wouldn't allow that. The editors suggested that the term for Western policy might be "liberation," that the peoples living under Communism are properly described as "slaves," and that the Communist system is correctly termed "enslavement." To all of these suggestions the senator said No, on the grounds that these terms are frowned upon in official circles, and he wants to stay in the good graces of official circles. The senator added that even the term "Cold War" is going out of fashion in the Administration smart set. The editors of the magazine concluded that the seemingly small matter of choosing the right word leads to impenetrable difficulty when the author gives in to a policy that refuses to call a spade a spade.

● For the third time in as many months, the African nations have disrupted an international meeting by their insistence that the South African and Portuguese delegations be ousted. This time it was the United Nations conference on tourism, meeting in Rome. One would think that someone—at least one nation—would get up and say the obvious: Look, we're here to discuss tourism, or education, or medical problems, or whatever, and if you don't want to take part in that discussion why don't *you* leave? But no. The way the U.S. wiggled out of this one was to take the technical position that the conference was "legally incompetent" to change its own composition. Which solves nothing. Someday someone will have to say something that certain somebodies won't like.

● "In this country," says Dr. Pilisio, a Negro, from Birmingham, "there is constant color discrimination, but the Negro never knows where or when he'll meet humiliation and rejection." The doctor is speaking of Birmingham, England, but he describes a situation Negroes have encountered also in France and in Germany. The *Wall Street Journal* (August 15) describes this racial prejudice in countries whose Negro population varies from one per cent (England) down to almost nil (Germany), and asks, with reason, and not without sadness, whether the existential fact of prejudice can be altered by law or declamation in a country where the Negro population is very much

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larger, perhaps even as large as the ten per cent in the U.S. Time will tell, on that score, but the fact of widespread discrimination in Europe does suggest a flaw in American policy: that is, the U.S. tends to cripple its diplomacy with the delusion that this is the only country where racial prejudice exists. Perhaps, of all the nations, only Portugal offers more to the Negro in terms of racial complaisance. Could that be why everyone's ganging up on Portugal?

● WHOSE MAN IN HAVANA? Novelist Graham Greene reports in a broadcast over Radio Havana that what he finds "most charming about Cuba is the poetic direction which the revolution maintains." Cuban artists, he added, now have a proper climate for creativity which is reflected in the work of writers, painters, and architects who share "with the most humble men and women of the people, the feeling of support and solidarity with the revolution directed by Fidel Castro." If this is The Heart of the Matter, it's The End of the Affair. The Complaisant Lover, having embarked on a Journey Without Maps, has lost The Power and the Glory. "England Made Me," he may still claim. But he is a Burnt-Out Case. The Man Within is merely Babbling.

● DESEGREGATE OR ELSE! screamed pickets at the New York offices of the League of Women Voters. Sexually integrated pickets staged a sit-in on August 21 to protest discrimination against men. Leader of the movement, Marvin Kitman, of the satirical magazine *Monocle,* commented, "We already have intermarriage between the sexes and there doesn't seem to be any constitutional basis for segregated political organizations."

● Has anyone seen Soapy?

On to the Senate

The witnesses, well rehearsed, most of them, roll by and confidently assure the Senate committees that all will be well; yet even so, there is no joy in the air, or spontaneous confidence. Too many agreements with the Soviet Union have been made in recent years, and though Americans are quick to forget, we have not yet dropped the entire history of the postwar world down the Memory Hole, and nothing less would permit enthusiasm for this treaty.

The National Committee Against the Moscow Treaty (79 Madison Avenue, New York 16) is doing yeoman work against heavy odds and a dangerously short timetable. Next week several full-page advertisements, bearing an analysis of the Treaty by members of the organizing group, will appear in national newspapers. The chairman of the Committee, Mr. L. Brent Bozell, will probably testify before the Senate Foreign Relations Committee; and individual senators will receive what literature the Committee can afford to amass, analyzing the military, psychological, and diplomatic weaknesses of the Moscow Treaty. Special medals should be struck to honor General Power and General LeMay, whose candor before the Committee will probably abort their careers; and Dr. Edward Teller, whose persistent devotion to this country cannot be matched by many native Americans.

It goes now to the Senate. Seldom was a President in greater need of advice, which the Senate must begin to give him by denying him its consent.

The First Step

"Short-sighted, irresponsible . . . shocking and thoughtless," was the President's—short-sighted, irresponsible, shocking, thoughtless?—response to the House's $585 million reduction of the foreign aid bill, reducing this year's authorization to a mere $3.5 billion. "A knife thrust at the security of the Free World," added the *New York Times.*

It was a tough week for the Administration. All week long its troupe told the Senate the test ban must be ratified, because of our overwhelming power and the sincere desire of the Communists for peace. In the House, its emissaries scurried about, warning of the grim international situation, pleading for more foreign aid to meet the deadly Communist menace. In a desperate gamble to ram the President's punitive foreign securities tax through in a hurry, the Commerce Department released—well ahead of schedule—a report showing the balance of payments deficit at an all-time high.

That report was the final item needed to convince a majority of the House that this country can no longer afford foreign aid on the old, familiar, lavish scale. The dollar is in serious trouble, and one speaker after another talked about impending devaluation unless drastic policy revisions are made. The sincerely economy-minded were joined by those who think budget-cutting is good as long as their own constituents don't lose out on any pork.

Leonard Farbstein (D., N.Y.) was responsible for an amendment that bars aid to any nation planning aggression against another; the amendment is cleverly worded so that no more aid would be sent to Egypt, in punishment for its hostility to Israel, but great sums will continue to go to Algeria and the Black African nations planning aggression against Angola. Thomas Pelly (R., Wash.) tried to end backdoor spending of foreign aid funds, but his amendment was defeated. Durward Hall (R., Mo.) proposed limiting U.S. contributions to UN agencies to our normal 33

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IN THE NEXT ISSUE

CIVIL RIGHTS AND LEGAL WRONGS
by James Jackson Kilpatrick

and

U. S. STUDENTS COME HOME
by William Shultz

per cent share; his amendment was defeated. (Aid will continue to go to Communist countries, and nations that trade with Cuba, because the Liberals agreed to a "compromise"—the President must first decide that such aid is "in the national interest.") And a motion by Bill Stinson (R., Wash.) barring aid to countries accepting Communist arms was also defeated.

Reducing the scale of the boondoggle is a laudable achievement, fully worth one (1) Presidential tantrum. But there are more things to be done than simply putting a modest band-aid over the gold hemorrhage.

We await hopefully that next step, even at the price of another tantrum.

New England Sea Chantey

W. H. VON DREELE

In olden times, we savored trips
(With a Hi-Ho and a Boston scrod)
To Africa in Yankee ships.
(Get Hephzibah to fry some cod.)
And though we made our money then
By selling slaves to Southern men,
We'd *never* market them again!
(Tra loo, tra la, tra lay)

We hate to seem self-righteous, BUT
(With a ship-ahoy and a heave-ho)
A Yankee's *never* undercut.
(Our patron saint is Mrs. Stowe.)
Therefore, we constantly repeat
That, though they gave us a receipt,
The slaves are on *their* balance sheet.
(Tra loo, tra la, tra lay)

Today, we've got a lot to do
(O, a sailor's life is mighty hard)
With sit-ins, kneel-ins, wade-ins, too.
(Let's give three cheers for Harvard Yard.)
And though, historically, we
Indulged a bit in slavery,
The consignee paid C.O.D.!
(Tra loo, tra la, tra lay)

The Road to Freedom For South Vietnam

On June 11 a Buddhist monk set fire to his gasoline-soaked robes on a street in Saigon to dramatize the "religious persecution" being practiced by President Ngo Dinh Diem, a Catholic, against the Buddhist majority of the country. The photograph of the venerable Thich Quang Duc circled the globe faster than a Telstar broadcast, and an issue was born which may yet result in the loss of Southeast Asia to the Communists.

For two months, stories of religious disputes, demonstrations, riots, conciliation meetings between Buddhists and government officials, and more riots overshadowed the war news from South Vietnam. In the United States a group of Protestant ministers headed by Busybody-in-Chief Donald Harrington published an advertisement in the *New York Times* and *Washington Post* urging the United States to withhold aid from the "unjust, undemocratic and unstable regime of President Diem," which engages in religious persecution, herds its people into "concentration camps called 'strategic hamlets,' " under the "fiction

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"That'd shake 'em. If all 600 million of us shouted 'Bang!' in unison."

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For the Record

Chances of Senate getting copies of correspondence between Khrushchev and Kennedy nil. CIA experts who want to analyze Khrushchev's language still haven't been able to get their hands on the letters. . . . State refusing to give senators holding hearings on Moscow Treaty access to treaty drafts which led to the one signed. Their purpose: to see how much we gave in to Khrushchev. . . . Senate investigation into State Department security scandal getting brushoff. Word is White House has told 25 top State personnel to delay appearance before subcommittee until after Senate has acted on test ban. . . . Belgian Foreign Secretary Paul-Henri Spaak reports Khrushchev told him in recent conversation that Berlin was "Kennedy's sore toe which I can step on every now and again."

Uproar in Algerian parliament when some deputies expressed their belief that President and Premier should not be designated until after elections. . . . Conservatives moving up in Britain. Whereas in March by-elections the Conservative vote was down 39 per cent from 1959 figure, in Stratford vote a fortnight ago it was down only 18 per cent. . . . Castro refusing to give one Cuban who has taken refuge in Uruguay Embassy an exit visa. He's Arturo Diaz Garcia, former head of Speleological (cave exploration) Society of Cuba, a man our military people badly want to interrogate. . . . Sources close to Gen. Cantave, who mounted ill-fated Haitian invasion several weeks ago, say if he should overthrow Pres. Duvalier he would allow Cuban government-in-exile to set up shop in Port-au-Prince. . . . Britain will keep two battalions of troops in Guiana for another six months, spiking rumors she will give Guiana independence in a few weeks' time. . . . State Department startled: reaction to extradition of Perez Jimenez was far from favorable in Latin American press where it is regarded as betrayal of right of asylum. . . .

Insiders Newsletter reports that Miss Alice Wedega, having looked over her fellow members of the Papua Legislative Council in Australia and found them wanting, finally exclaimed: "My grandfather must have eaten better men."

that this is 'fighting for freedom.'" These developments came at a time when Gen. Paul Harkins, the top U.S. military representative in South Vietnam, reported that after an arduous, painful, bloody and discouraging eighteen months in which the peasants in the Mekong Delta and valley and other rural areas had been regrouped into strategic hamlets, the war was finally starting to go our way; at a time when Roger Hilsman, Assistant Secretary of State for Far Eastern Affairs, felt able to say: "Vietnam's twilight war may rank as one of the decisive battles of world history. An effective counter against these guerrilla tactics could be quite decisive to Western strategy in Southeast Asia and eventually Africa and Latin America."

The big issue in Vietnam was no longer the war, it was the religious persecution. What kind of persecution? Surely a man does not immolate himself because the government has forbidden his religion to fly its own flags on a Holy Day, or in front of its pagodas. Editorial writers and cartoonists solemnly castigated Diem and more particularly his brother and sister-in-law for their intolerance; news columns continued to talk of repression. But none stated just what were the religious issues involved.

Marguerite Higgins of the *New York Herald Tribune,* sent to do a series on the deteriorating situation, traveled throughout the country for three and a half weeks, visiting dozens of villages, hamlets, provincial towns and cities and talking to hundreds of people. She found little agitation over the persecution issue outside of Saigon and Hué. In three dozen hamlets she found only two who had ever heard of Quang Duc. At the very pagoda in Phan Thiet in which a twenty-year-old monk had burned himself to death the Buddhists were unable to give her any concrete example of their grievances. They knew only that if "the venerable elder monks in Saigon's pagodas said Buddhism was being persecuted—then it must be so."

On May 8, government forces in Hué in fact fired on Buddhists who were demonstrating against an order preventing them from flying their own religious flags on a Holy Day. Eight persons were killed. This, says Miss Higgins, was the first mention of a religious issue ever in South Vietnam. On June 11, Quang Duc immolated himself. On June 15, a government commission headed by Vice President Nguyen Ngoc Tho, a Buddhist, met with representatives of the General Association and three days later announced that agreement had been reached on the five major Buddhist demands, which included adjudication of the flag issue, easing of regulations on the acquisition of property, compensation for the families of those killed, and a couple of minor points. But the demonstrations continued. The Buddhist leaders predicted that the conciliation agreement would not be carried out, and when Diem offered to invite an international

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commission into the country to investigate all aspects of the dispute, the Buddhists insisted that Diem must first of all admit responsibility for the Hué killings, as a pre-condition of the investigation.

The conclusion that urges itself is that the Buddhist agitation is political, not religious. Religion has been dragged in by the heels, to belabor Diem, to blacken his reputation, and to inflame world opinion.

What do the Buddhists want? In Miss Higgins' words: "Diem's head . . . and not on a silver platter but enveloped in the American flag." The question remains whether they can have Diem's head, and freedom from a successful Communist invasion. In all the confusion there is only one certainty: if the Communists take over South Vietnam, Dr. Harrington and his Heavenly Choir will say as little about religious persecution in the new Diem-free state as they have said about religious persecution in North Vietnam.

The New Statesmen

The opponents of Senator Goldwater are working themselves into a state of hysteria over the prospect of Goldwater's nomination—now virtually a certainty, reported Cabell Phillips of the *New York Times* last week in a front-page story. As recently as a few weeks ago, when Senator Goldwater was merely the leading Republican candidate rather than the heir presumptive, Walter Lippmann was writing that his nomination was perhaps the price we must be prepared to pay for democracy. Now he has decided, in a column which will live in the annals of puerility, that the cost of democracy is often all too high, and that nothing less than doom itself awaits the nation and the world if Goldwater becomes President.

The reasoning, if such it can be called, is too superficial to warrant serious analysis. It is based on exaggeration followed immediately by those steep extrapolations that run you right off the graph of reality. Sample: "He would repeal the progressive income tax, a measure so extreme that it would dismantle the national defense and destroy the credit of the United States." Comment: "He" would have no power to repeal the progressive income tax. Only Congress has the power. Further comment: If the progressive income tax were repealed, and the rate set at, say, 22 per cent, the amount of revenue lost to the Federal Government, taking the figures for 1961, would be $7.2 billion—less than the annual sum of money turned over to the farmers in subsidies; which subsidies Goldwater, and practically everybody else, is in favor of gradually eliminating. Still further comment: On that kind of distortion the case against Goldwater is built.

But in contrast with typical foreign writers, Lippmann is, as Lippmann is supposed to be, the model of analytical objectivity. *Maclean's* magazine in Canada has itself a Washington correspondent who does not seem able to distinguish between the supporters of Senator Goldwater and the supporters of Adolf Hitler, so clearly relishing his ignorance as to render cruel any hand that would correct him. The august London *Times* calmly, or rather not so calmly, discloses that the John Birch Society "reported recently that its 1962 income was $700 million against just over $500 million in 1961." The correct figure is $700,000, and one might think the *Times*' mistake was merely a typo. But listen . . . "And this is not even a political party yet, but only a 'movement.' As a comparison, the two major parties in the Presidential year each spend about $25 million," *i.e.*, a fraction of what the Birch Society spends. More? "American radio is burdened with right-wing propaganda pounding the ears of untold millions of unsophisticates daily." Etc.

And the *New Statesman*, whose journalistic success derives from the urbanity with which it manages to defend the hoary platitudes of Fabian Socialism—it contrives to sound a little like Dorothy Parker defending Copernican astronomy—runs along amused and amusing about the Goldwater menace for several paragraphs. But it fails, in the end, to maintain the kind of urbanity it can doggedly maintain, right through the last sentence, in discussing, say, the starvation of a few million Chinese. Before long the writer gets Dead Earnest, and asks, "Can such moonshine [Goldwater's, that is, not Sidney Webb's] get an endorsing label from a major national party? Not unless Goldwater repudiates his views or the Republican Party repudiates sanity."

The wonderful thing about our gloriously Anti-Intellectual republic is that it often manages to make its own decisions, right or wrong, without first checking them out with the aristocracy of cynicism. Most Americans are not aware of the existence of the *New Statesman*, which may be why they presumed to vote for Eisenhower in 1952 over Stevenson, whose victory was first enjoined upon us, then confidently predicted, by the *New Statesman*; and why the people have plugged, against the leeway of the opinionmakers, for a line of resistance to Soviet Communism of the kind the *New Statesman* has been fussily predicting, for fifteen years or more, would lead to nuclear catastrophe.

It has proved just about all we can do to preserve the freedom of the leftist intelligentsia in England to remain free to stew in their belletristic fatuity; and we have no doubt that President Goldwater will, among other things, take still more steps to ensure that there will always be an England which needs protection against its new statesmen, as the United States needs protection against its own impoverished pundits.

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Under the Sign of the Umbrella

WM. F. BUCKLEY JR.

1. False Dilemmas

GOVERNOR ROCKEFELLER said a most interesting thing two weeks ago, namely, that the proposed nuclear test treaty—the Treaty of Moscow, one may as well call it, as the historians inevitably will—was a) a lousy idea, but was nevertheless b) something we have no alternative than to ratify. The position is interesting from two points of view. First, it is revealing about Rockefeller, who desires very much to be President. Second, it is revealing of the way in which our foreign policy is continually tripping over itself.

Buckley

Mr. Rockefeller said the proposed treaty does not make sense considering the highest demands of the national security. In saying so he was not saying anything particularly unorthodox. He was merely restating an axiom of American defense policy as understood over the years. That axiom is this: that the Americans are, so to speak, on top of atomic development; that atomic virtuosity was congenitally ours, just as heavy-booster missile virtuosity appears to have been Russian. In atoms, we got there first, just as the Russians orbited first; and over the years we maintained a natural lead that brought us to a stage of atomic sophistication which seems to reflect our preternatural genius in scientific affairs.

The Russians, by contrast, have all along been imitators in atomic technology. Granted they have now—depending on whom you listen to—equalled us in one dimension of atomic weapons, or even surpassed us. But it is generally conceded that just as it has thus far proved impossible to overtake the Russians' flamboyant accomplishments in heavy sputnikery, so the Russians have not succeeded in duplicating our infinitely diverse accomplishments based on atomic know-how.

That being the case, the prevailing opinion in this country has been that we should maintain and enlarge our atomic lead at all costs. The idea of both of us swearing off the atom was deemed preposterous—something like proposing to Sonny Liston and his estranged sister that they make up by both giving up boxing. Mr. Eisenhower was uniquely responsible, by unilaterally undertaking a moratorium on testing in 1958, for setting aside that axiom. Mr. Kennedy has merely taken Mr. Eisenhower's thinking one step forward. And here we are, with the Senate preparing to ratify this dangerous treaty, according to which we are prepared to abort at the present level America's great momentum in atomic ingenuity, in order to freeze the existing situation between ourselves and the USSR.

What Rockefeller Wants

Mr. Rockefeller senses that this decision is wrong, but advances an argument which, he tells us, transcends that of our defense arsenal. He says: unless we ratify Mr. Kennedy's treaty, we stand, under the present psychological circumstances, to damage the United States even more than we would stand to do by not ratifying it and cultivating our atomic superiority. Here he is bringing two arguments into a single focus. On the one hand there is the purely scientific and military argument. As far as that is concerned, he says, there is only one answer: the United States should continue to develop her atomic technology. The other argument is political and psychological. It is based on the worldwide fear of nuclear testing, a fear largely compounded from superstitious fears of radioactive infestation of the atmosphere, and hysterical relapses into the mischievous notion that war is avoided by appeasement. Mr. Kennedy has, by his actions, so maneuvered the twin fears of radioactivity and war, says Mr. Rockefeller in effect, that they overwhelm, in the public psychology, the military question. Under the circumstances, he says, let us go ahead and ratify the treaty.

I DO NOT KNOW of another conjunction of affairs that more dramatically signifies the terrible loss of America's strategic and philosophical faculties. The point has never been more vividly made that we have failed in making truly clear to the world the moral and imperative purpose of American defense superiority. We are, after all, arming ourselves not because American citizens desire atomic superiority for its own sake, nor because American citizens stand to lose less than other peoples by increasing the radioactivity in the atmosphere:: but because our atomic program has been the basis of the defense of the free world, and the only hope of the enslaved world. If the purposes of our atomic development program had been kept clear to the peoples of the world, they would not be resenting, but rather applauding, a decision to vigorously prosecute our atomic superiority. As it is, Nelson Rockefeller finds himself submitting to an implicit contradiction between 1) the demands of the national security, and 2) the good opinion of mankind. That there should be so critical a tension between the two suggests a philosophical Waterloo.

Others as well, including Senator Dodd, and perhaps even Senator Goldwater, are experiencing the agony. Both these men, and others on whom the American people have counted for singleminded attention to the best interests of American defense, feel that they are stymied by the diplomatic dilemma Mr. Kennedy has visited upon them: vote for this treaty, or appear before the eyes of the world as a) in favor of an increased contamination in the milk that babies drink, and b) in favor, by continued nuclear testing, of tweaking the chin of Apocalypse.

God help us, the treaty will prob-

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ably be passed, and probably a lot of stern and rigorous anti-Communist senators will vote for it, following the line of reasoning of Mr. Rockefeller. When it happens, however less the radioactivity in the atmosphere, this citizen of the free world will breathe less easily.

2. False Analysis

JAMES BURNHAM

THIS SUMMER Norton reissued Alfred Leslie Rowse's *Appeasement,* the ten thousandth or so study of how an attempt, a generation ago, to deal with an aggressive totalitarian movement by negotiation, compromise and conciliation not only failed to maintain peace but made general war inevitable. Not a single reviewer of *Appeasement* questioned this thesis as illustrated by the author from the case of Nazism and the Third Reich. Not a single reviewer, or the author, suggested there might be a fresher, and from a practical standpoint rather more relevant, illustration.

One might think the outward symbols too strikingly parallel to be ignored. In 1963 the Anglo-American leaders rush to the home base of Communism to sign the capitulatory papers, just as the Anglo-French leaders rushed to the home base of Nazism in 1938. (Moscow-Munich: a numerologist ought to enjoy the fact that they have the same initial and same number of letters.) In both cases the totalitarian chiefs dangle the same bait before the Westerners: peaceful coexistence in our time. Doesn't it occur to any senator to ask himself: Why did our representatives go to Moscow to sign the test ban? Why didn't their representatives come to London or Washington? Or why, at any rate, didn't both sides meet halfway at Geneva? The diplomatic geography reveals, as it almost always does, the true balance of political forces; it shows who is pulling whom.

SYMBOLS aside, nothing could have been plainer than the declaration of the Soviet Communist Party contained in the text of its reply to the Chinese Party published in *Izvestia* on July 14: "We fully stand for the destruction of imperialism and capitalism. We not only believe in the inevitable destruction of capitalism *but are doing everything for this to be accomplished as soon as possible.*" Let us add that they were concretely doing to that end at that very moment was negotiating the Treaty with Harriman and Home in the Kremlin.

What Khrushchev Wants

We are told by the Kremlinologists that Khrushchev signed the Treaty because of "fear of China." The absurdity of this explanation would be obvious if Western opinion had not been dizzied by five years of twaddle concerning the nature of "the Sino-Soviet split." The last thing Russia has to fear in the politically significant future is a nuclear threat from China—which would in no sense be countered by the Treaty in any event. Actually, this Treaty, so far as it affects China at all, helps Chinese nuclear development—since China is not a signatory —and leaves the way open for Soviet use of Chinese territory and facilities for its own further nuclear advance. In the main arena of the real Sino-Soviet conflict — the international Communist movement—the Treaty is a negligible factor.

The belief that Khrushchev wants the Treaty because the Soviet economy is being badly hurt by the arms race has some substance — though it is a curious argument to use in favor of *our* signing it! But his primary motives are twofold, one defensive, the other offensive.

Burnham

Whatever Khruschev's long-term worry over a Yellow Peril of the distant future, his present fears are focused nearer home. He fears the present stirrings within the East European captive nations (abetted by the increasing restlessness of the Soviet intellectuals); and he especially fears the possibility of a re-armed Germany getting nuclear weapons and seeking reunification. Khrushchev hopes that the Treaty of Moscow is indeed "Step One" in a series—some of the further steps being already agreed to in secret conversation—that will provide: 1) U.S. underwriting of the East European status quo; 2) U.S. acceptance of the present division of Germany as permanent; and 3) a U.S. guarantee that West Germany will not get nuclear arms.

In terms of offensive strategy, Khrushchev sees this Treaty as the best possible—umbrella, we may appropriately call it—for conducting the psychopolitical, paramilitary, guerrilla and limited warfare operations that he judges to be the most suitable methods for accomplishing "the destruction of imperialism and capitalism . . . as soon as possible." That is exactly what the Communists explained, in all frankness, in their July 14 statement. That is exactly what Khrushchev's Man in Havana, in his July 26 speech—delivered the day after the signing of the Treaty— was announcing as he called on Latin American revolutionaries "to take the fullest advantages of [the] incomparably favorable pre-revolutionary conditions [to] make revolutions." "Every people that does what the Cuban people have done," Fidel promised, "will have the all-out support of the Soviet Union." That is exactly what is shown by the Communist-triggered events in Laos and South Vietnam that are wrecking the entire Western position in Southeast Asia even as the Treaty debate goes on. That is exactly what the Kremlin's strategists count on to smooth the transformation of Cyprus into a Mediterranean Cuba by the end of 1964.

And at the same time Khrushchev knows that the Treaty of Moscow will inevitably lower the sense of urgency in American opinion required to sustain a long-range armament program. *Already* the critical research and development projects—which make the least public impression and are therefore politically most vulnerable—are being pruned: and the projects decisive for our future security have lead-times of ten to fifteen years. That 90-day escape clause in the Treaty of Moscow won't be much consolation when we wake up one day to find ourselves already five years too late.

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Focus on '64

◆ On August 26 about ten Republican congressmen from New York met in Washington with the leadership of New York's Conservative Party. The discussion was general; the purpose of the meeting was to "get acquainted" in both directions. As a result, New York's conservative representatives can look forward to a friendly working alliance with the Conservative Party—and Governor Rockefeller has less reason than ever to look forward to a tightly controlled Liberal GOP delegation to the 1964 convention.

◆ New York's conservative GOP leader, State Senator Walter Mahoney, says the inquiry into his private, professional transactions with a finance company (he's an attorney) is an act of "political revenge," and has asked to testify before a grand jury "to protect my good name." It's worth noting that Mahoney has been under fire since he agreed to speak at the September 26 dinner of the Conservative Party.

◆ Freedom Now, a national all-Negro political party, is getting organized, and Democratic pros are all a-shiver. Negroes hold a powerful swing-bloc in every major northern city, and if that bloc votes Freedom Now instead of Democratic, state after state in the North will drop from Democratic clutches. As for the GOP. . . .

◆ New York's super-Liberal GOP Senator Jacob Javits likes to tell people how successful his pitch is with the Negro vote. He happily hands out an analysis of his support in heavily Negro districts—which, however, shows he's never drawn more than about one-third of the Negro vote, despite his awesome demagogy on the race question. The overwhelming majority of Negroes, it seems, vote obsessive-Democratic no matter what; and the GOP couldn't get majority Negro support even if it moved so far over it dropped off the spectrum.

◆ Nelson and Happy Rockefeller are living off fried chicken and potato chips these days, doing the rounds at county fairs, but all their smiles and handshakes don't cover up the financial mess of New York State. Rocky finally backed down, and told all state agencies to chop their spending by 5 per cent—because (get this) President Kennedy has failed to spur national growth enough to cover Rocky's ravenous budget. Later this month Rocky will hit the high spots in Europe, in approved candidate style, no doubt in preparation for a series of lectures on how to save the West from Kennedy.

◆ Political observers keep trying to hint that Dwight Eisenhower doesn't support Barry Goldwater and might not support him—but they can't make it stick. Ike hasn't done anything publicly except repeat his list of a dozen acceptable GOP Presidential contenders, including Goldwater, and occasionally omitting Governor Scranton. But Ike is fair. Every time he forgets about Scranton, he issues a special news release saying he forgot him, and would now like to remember him.

◆ What are the polls saying about Goldwater? The Associated Press took a sampling around Maryland and found Goldwater the overwhelming favorite of GOP professionals; and, into the bargain, much support for Goldwater "or any Republican" among Maryland Democrats. The United Republican Finance Committee of Los Angeles County asked all financial contributors to show their preference for Presidential candidates, and Goldwater got 68 per cent; Romney 14.5, Rocky 11.4, Nixon 3.8, Scranton 1.0, others 1.3 per cent. Cabell Phillips of the *New York Times* has sounded the GOP professionals; he reports that many of them, "perhaps a majority," see Goldwater as the Presidential candidate; and he finds GOP leaders in 35 states are eager for the Goldwater candidacy as a means to a GOP sweep in local contests next year. Governor Faubus says that private polls in Arkansas show Goldwater far in front of other GOP figures; and he thinks a Republican could win Arkansas, and the Presidency, in 1964. Governor Bellmon of Oklahoma says he thinks Kennedy would lose if the election were held now, and that in 1964 Oklahoma would go for Goldwater.

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Letter from the Continent

Otto Ante Portas

E. v. KUEHNELT-LEDDIHN

Austria is in the throes of a most curious crisis, a crisis which reflects the internal situation in so many nations in the West.

In 1919, the newly baked Austrian Republic adopted a law which exiled all members of the reigning Habsburgs unless they formally accepted Austria's new Republican Constitution and solemnly declared that they would consider themselves "divorced" from the Habsburg family. Austria is the cradle of modern psychiatry, but not even psychiatrists are able to fathom what the assembled deputies of the Austrian Republic meant in 1919 by the notion of a person "seceding" from his own family.

Kuehnelt-Leddihn

Fragmented Empire

Emperor Charles and Empress Zita went into exile in 1919, soon after Austria had proclaimed herself an integral part of the new republican German *Reich* under the odd name of "German Austria." (This nomenclature was not revived in later drafts.) Emperor Charles died in 1922 and Crown Prince Otto became the Pretender. Prince Otto, aware of the plight of the successor nations to the Austro-Hungarian Empire (Austria, Czechoslovakia, Hungary, Yugoslavia, Rumania), menaced by Moscow no less than by Berlin, believed the defunct Empire should be restored as well as modernized. It was his conviction that only a federation of all the small nations between Germany and Russia could save them from becoming prey to either of these totalitarian dictatorships.

World War II ended with the absolute supremacy of the Soviet Union in all areas which had belonged to the Austro-Hungarian Empire, except for Austria itself. Archduke Otto, meanwhile had begun to realize that a restoration of the monarchy had become technically and psychologically impossible. Completely deprived of financial resources, he turned to writing and lecturing for his livelihood so successfully that today he is without doubt the best-known Austrian in the world.

One result of Otto Habsburg's travels and experiences was his growing conviction that he should use his talents constructively in international affairs. He also—and understandably—wanted to live in Austria. But in order to do so Otto was asked to sign a rather humiliating and, in its wording, irrational document.

Repeated requests by Otto for permission to return home were met with the very polite reply that as soon as Dr. Habsburg would sign a solemn renunciation as stipulated by the law of 1919, he would be permitted to return. (His children, incidentally, five girls and a baby son, hold Austrian passports stamped "Valid for all countries of the world except Austria.")

Two years ago, "Dr. Otto Habsburg" actually signed the prescribed document. A parliamentary committee was to decide whether the declaration did or did not comply with the formulation of 1919.

Austria is ruled by a Socialist-Peoples' Party (conservative) coalition in which the balance of power is so narrow that when the Socialists insisted on labeling the declaration "insufficient," the Peoples' Party went along rather than risk upsetting the government. This means continued exile for the former Crown Prince and his descendants.

Otto Habsburg next appealed to the Constitutional Court, but the Court declared itself not competent and refused to pass judgment. The petitioner then brought his case before the High Court of Administration which found Otto's renunciation valid. At this, the fury of the Socialists was unleashed. "The Republic in Danger," proclaimed posters, using the famous slogan of the Jacobins. Strikes erupted. Leaflets were sent to all households informing Austrians what enormous sums Otto would demand as recompense for his confiscated properties. The leaflets, no doubt, are in preparation for a plebiscite should the Socialists decide on such a tactic.

Anti-Habsburg Chorus

Until now, internal politics in Austria has excited too little emotion. The Peoples' Party-Socialist coalition represents almost 90 per cent of the voters. But with the cry "*Otto ante portas*" this edifice of sloth, corruption, financial weakness and inertia suddenly has started to crumble. The small National Liberal Party is suddenly emerging as a potential partner in a new coalition. The Communists, who failed to gain a single seat in the last election, have joined the National Liberals in an anti-Habsburg chorus. A common collectivist front of Marxists and pan-Germans united in their hatred for the Habsburgs, for Christianity, for legalism and individualism, seems a distinct possibility. The Peoples' Party, which, though the largest political unit of all, is just short of an absolute majority, looks with mounting horror at the prospect of being jostled aside.

The question which arises, of course, is why the excitement, why the bitterness among Socialists, Communists and National Liberals? What they fear, actually, is that "Dr. Otto Habsburg" will snuff out the republic as soon as he enters it. In this they are perhaps right, although Otto himself has no desire to revive a form of government morally and psychologically unsuited to Austria. His interests are European and worldwide. But the Socialists see it in a very simple way.

They fear Otto. They know the fickleness, the disloyalty, the unreliability of the Austrian people and they sense that once Otto is in the country, anything could happen. To keep him out they may lay low the *Rechsstaat* (State of Law and Order) which has until now prevailed in Austria.

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The Draft-Goldwater Drive: A Progress Report

NATIONAL REVIEW's publisher takes a long, calm look at the Goldwater movement and finds, despite numerous problems, solid grounds for optimism

WILLIAM A. RUSHER

Early supporters of Barry Goldwater will always look back on the winter of 1962-1963 as their own private Valley Forge. Their man, unconvinced that the 1964 Republican Presidential nomination was worth having, sternly and publicly repudiated all efforts to promote his cause. The press blithely ignored the grass-roots sentiment for the Arizona senator and, without the slightest basis in any plausible count of the likely convention line-up, all but unanimously hailed New York Governor Nelson Rockefeller as the odds-on front runner.

In February and March, however, the first serious analyses of the 1962 election returns were published, and they clearly demonstrated: 1) that as a vote-getter Nelson Rockefeller was a paper tiger; and 2) that Goldwater, by carrying a huge chunk of the South, could more than offset any supposed disadvantage of a conservative Republican in the Northeast—and might thus give John Kennedy a run for his money. When the National Draft Goldwater Committee formally initiated its campaign in Washington on April 8, it was already riding a floodtide of pro-Goldwater sentiment, and Rockefeller's remarriage to Mrs. Murphy on May 9 probably served only as a useful, though to be sure definitive, headstone for the political grave dug for him by the 1962 returns.

Since May, the Goldwater tide has swept everything before it. Temporarily it has knocked the wind out of the Senator's opponents. There is no question whatever that today Goldwater is leading the field of Republican possibilities—by a country mile. But before anyone decides it's all over but the shouting, let them pause here, in late summer 1963, and take stock of what lies ahead—both for the Goldwater camp and for its opposition.

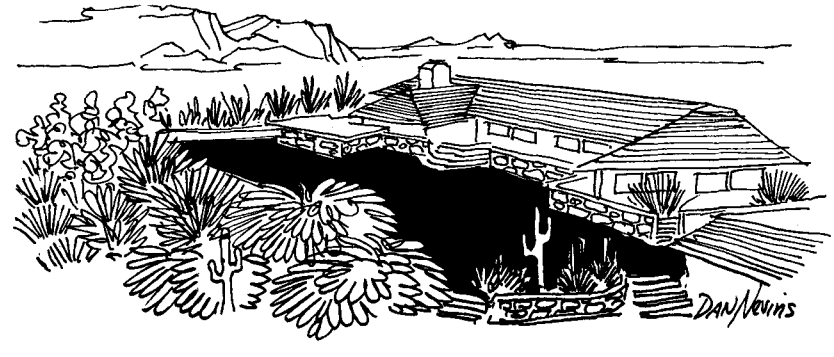
I

The National Draft Goldwater Committee is, for the present at least, the key instrumentality in the nationwide drive to nominate and elect Goldwater. Since the Senator has not yet decided to become a candidate for the nomination, the Committee has set out to 1) mobilize the enthusiasm of his supporters and 2) bring it to bear on his decision. That job, which entails the circulating of draft-Goldwater petitions, the organization of local draft-Goldwater clubs, etc., is now well under way, and is plainly going to result in catalyzing a nationwide grass-roots movement of unmistakable size and seriousness.

The second major task the Committee has set itself is establishing and maintaining fruitful relations with the professional Republican leaders of the various states, against the happy day when Goldwater declares his candidacy. Since the Committee makes no pretense of having any right to speak for the Senator, such approaches must, for the time being, be hypothetical; but it can be reported confidently that they are being made, and are receiving a remarkably encouraging reception. When and if Goldwater declares his candidacy, he will emphatically not be starting from scratch.

From time to time warnings are heard against letting the Goldwater drive "peak too soon." These proceed on the assumption that former successful drives for the Republican and Democratic nominations provide a proper basis for comparison. But the draft-Goldwater drive is very different from these models (Kennedy 1960, Eisenhower 1952, Dewey 1948, etc.) in several crucial respects.

For one thing, the great journalistic organs of national opinion (the *New York Times*, *Time*, etc.) were pro-Dewey in 1948, pro-Eisenhower in 1952, and to say the least intrigued by Kennedy in 1960. But with few exceptions they are hostile to Barry Goldwater and the conservative viewpoint he represents. (Certainly he cannot expect the kind of boost, so wonderfully helpful, that they are in a position to give at the last, crucial moment.) Also hostile are the major Eastern business interests, which are accustomed to exercising a *de facto* veto over possible Republican nominees. If these intangible but very real pressures from the press and the world of finance are to be resisted, Goldwater's supporters dare not count on a Silky Sullivan stretch-drive to put their man across. He



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must be borne on the crest of a really massive wave of public sentiment—and the generation of such a wave must begin now.

Still, almost a year lies ahead before the Republican National Convention meets in San Francisco's cavernous Cow Palace, and Goldwater fans must expect that the intervening months will have their ups and downs. The public opinion polls, especially, can be counted on to show "Goldwater Slipping" at crucial moments. Just remember that last winter these same polls were reporting "Rockefeller Far Ahead."

II

Now, what of Goldwater's potential rivals for the Republican nomination? They have been very badly shaken by his amazing dash to the fore, and have drawn a bit closer together in that morose company proverbially loved by those in misery.

The chief casualty, of course, has been Nelson Rockefeller; but whatever his innermost thoughts may be, there can be no question that to the world at large, including his close advisers, he is displaying a firm determination to Sail On. Certainly he has the money to stay in the race, at least until just before the primaries next spring, without revealing to all the world how woefully weak and unpopular he really is. Why he should 1) wish to continue what is almost certainly a futile bid, or 2) still think he can win, are harder questions. No doubt a man with $200,000,000 of his own must regard something he wants but can't have as a challenging novelty—perhaps even as an inconceivability. Or maybe his sycophants, and they are legion, fear to tell him the truth.

Whatever the explanation, he has adopted what certainly seems a surprising tactic: namely, to identify himself with the ultra-Liberal position in the civil rights controversy, as witness his performance at the recent Conference of State Governors in Miami Beach.

This tactic is surprising because one would normally suppose that a fading "front-runner" like Rockefeller would seek to modify his public posture in the direction in which his support was leaking away — in this case, toward the Right. Instead, Rockefeller seems to be bidding for a position of splendid isolation on the left flank of the Republican Party. It seems possible, therefore, that his puzzling move is a desperate effort to meet head-on what he (rightly) conceives is the really mortal threat to his candidacy—and, indeed, to all Liberal Republican candidacies: the growing realization that a conservative Republican coalition, including the South, can make a powerful bid to topple John Kennedy and assume working control of America.

This interpretation of Rockefeller's course has the advantage that it also neatly explains his other and equally astonishing maneuver: the decision to lead the attempt by the more irresponsible Liberals to smear the Goldwater drive as based on an "extremist" bid to "subvert the Republican Party" and turn it into "a party of racism." Of this contention, more below; suffice it here to say that not even this wholehearted plunge into demagogy will win the 1964 nomination for Nelson Rockefeller.

Also Running

The other prospective candidates for the nomination—Romney, Scranton and Morton, to name the three most prominently mentioned—are all committed, by the logic of their situations, to offering themselves at the last minute as a "compromise" between the deadlocked forces of Goldwater and Rockefeller. All of them, accordingly, have been jolted out of their serenity by Goldwater's lengthening lead (which renders the deadlock less likely).

And so the various lesser hopefuls are currently clumping together in a sort of *ad hoc* Stop Goldwater Committee, covering their collective nakedness as far as possible with a series of "favorite-son" candidacies calculated to keep the votes of as many states as possible out of the Goldwater column, at least temporarily. Romney will hold Michigan; Scranton, Pennsylvania; Morton, Kentucky. Conceivably Case can persuade New Jersey that he is its favorite son; Hatfield will make the attempt in Oregon. Rhodes in Ohio and Allott in Colorado will be urged to do likewise. But the opposition will have to do far better than this to beat Goldwater in San Francisco, and deep down they know it.

One tip-off to the essential strength or weakness of this holding operation will be the developing public attitude of former President Eisenhower. If and when he concedes publicly that Goldwater would make a strong candidate (probably not until after the first successful primary or two), the bandwagon rush will be on in earnest.

III

It seems, however, like tempting fate even to discuss such distant matters at this moment. The nearer future is black with thunderclouds, as the Liberals — both those who call themselves Republicans and those who merely order the GOP around without actually joining it—prepare to wage a bitter-end struggle against Goldwater.

For months the Liberal "line" has been developing, under the guidance of such practiced hands as Joseph Alsop and Robert Spivack, plus an anonymous but almost hysterical editorial writer for the *New York Herald Tribune*. In mid-July, as already noted, Nelson Rockefeller made this line his own in his now famous Rule-or-Ruin declaration, and we may expect to hear much more of it in the year ahead. Let us try to analyze it dispassionately.

The Republican Party (so Rockefeller contends) "is in real danger of subversion by a radical, well-financed and highly disciplined minority." As proof—the *only* proof he cited—we have the recent biennial convention of the Young Republican National Federation in San Francisco, which Rockefeller alleges was "dominated by extremist groups, carefully organized, well-financed and operating through . . . the tactics of totalitarianism." The next day he made it clear that he fears this unsavory bunch will "capture" Senator Goldwater.

Now this is a serious charge. If true, or even defensible, it would be a deadly charge, capable of destroying the Goldwater candidacy, as Rockefeller obviously hoped it would.

But it is neither true nor defensible. Like the crazy-Right phantasms which are its closest analogues, it is a gross and crude misrepresentation of facts that Mr. Rockefeller merely happens to find personally unpalatable.

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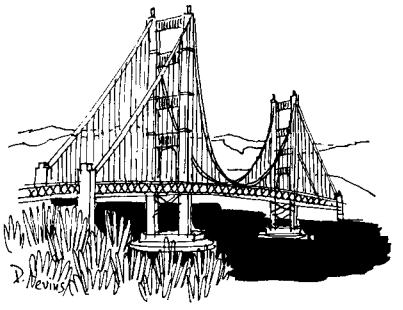
The truth is simply that Barry Goldwater and the conservative principles he stands for were the overwhelming favorites of the Young Republican convention—and not only of the winning side in the chairmanship contest, but of the losers as well. And the winner in the hotly-contested battle for the chairmanship of the organization? A wild-eyed crackpot of the ultra Right? It was Donald E. Lukens, who holds the responsible post of Minority (*i.e.*, Republican) Clerk of the Rules Committee of the U.S. House of Representatives. Not a member of any rightist organization (unless the GOP still qualifies as one), he had merely confessed his own pro-Goldwater sentiments—and thereby probably insured his election over an almost equally conservative, but comparatively noncommittal, opponent.

Let us be entirely accurate. No doubt there are those, a few of them active in the Republican Party, some of whom were present at the YR convention, who are justly describable as "extremists" — in the sense that no conceivable outcome of the gathering could possibly appease their thirst for conservative reform. But, at a careful estimate, less than thirty YR delegates (out of nearly 650) could fairly be said to fit that description. To charge that those thirty "dominated" the proceedings, that they and others like them are now "moving to subvert the Republican Party itself," is beyond demagogy. In Mr. Rockefeller's case, who after all knows what is going on, it is indistinguishable from sour grapes.

Labels and Facts

No one—but no one—deserves the label "extremist" less, or stands in less danger of "capture" by those it really fits, than Barry Goldwater. He is the Number One *bête noire* of the American Nazi Party, which (naturally) hates and fears the half-Jewish ancestry of "the Arizona Israelite, Goldwasser." (Seven Nazis picketed the National Guard Armory in Washington during the Goldwater rally there on July 4.) Nor is Goldwater's unpopularity confined to the pathological anti-Semites. Kent and Phoebe Courtney, proprietors of the stridently rightist *Independent American* of New Orleans, constantly warn their followers that Goldwater is untrustworthy on a whole series of issues. And Goldwater himself has been outspoken in his condemnation of Robert Welch's private theory that Dwight Eisenhower (*inter alia*) is a secret agent of the Communist Party.



When NATIONAL REVIEW, in February 1962, attacked the Welch thesis, Senator Goldwater expressed his concurrence in a letter published in the very next issue:

> Let me congratulate you . . . [A]ll of us who believe in the concepts of constitutional government and individual liberty [must] make it plain that we do not intend to depart from the truth . . . [W]e cannot allow the emblem of irresponsibility to be attached to the conservative banner.

And this is the man who, Nelson Rockefeller professes to fear, is in danger of being "captured" by the berserk Right and turned into an instrument for the "subversion" of the Republican Party!

But there is another and if possible even uglier string to the bow being drawn against Goldwater by Mr. Rockefeller and his Liberal allies. Goldwater's radical supporters, Rockefeller charges, plan "to write off the Negro and other minority groups . . . deliberately write off the great industrial states of the North . . . [and] erect political power on the outlawed and immoral base of segregation."

This falsehood is purportedly deduced from the unassailably accurate observation of Goldwater backers to the effect that New York and the bordering northeastern states, including their Negro populations, are going to be extremely difficult to seduce away from Mr. Kennedy in 1964. Is Rockefeller arguing that he can do it?—he, whose gubernatorial majority in New York slumped 200,000 votes between 1958 and 1962? If not he, who, then? And, if the Northeast will be fiercely contested by Kennedy in 1964, what on earth is wrong with the Republican Party's bidding for the 128 electoral votes of the New—and passionately conservative—South? Goldwater's backers are not "writing off" a single state; on the contrary, they are seeking to open to Republicanism an entire region of this country that the selfish and myopic politics of Rockefeller and his fellow Liberals would seal off forever.

To say that any Republican courtship of the South necessarily entails a segregationist policy is flatly untrue. Every newspaper story to that effect should be nailed by a letter to the editor. Neither major party today would dream of endorsing compulsory segregation, nor has done so in modern times. Senator Goldwater's personal record of friendliness toward Negro aspirations can be traced far back in his career, and long before his entry into politics. But the South must choose, in the long run, between the two existing parties; and there is no question whose view is closer to the Southern view on *almost* every issue. It is the view called Goldwater Republicanism.

The Republican Party stands today on the threshold of an historic opportunity. Long prevented, by the lingering animosities of the Civil War, from calling forth the united energies of that great majority of Americans who are innately conservative, it has wandered into degrading and generally unsuccessful contests for the votes of volatile "swing" minorities in the large industrial states of the North. But at last the South is shaking off its crippling and self-defeating animus, and preparing to make itself heard once more in the councils of the republic. This may be bad news for those who have run America for the past thirty years by a sort of historical accident. But—as they fancy they themselves discovered — nothing is so certain as change. In Barry Goldwater, America has found a pivot strong enough to bear the crushing weight of the turn our country must make. Nothing can stop that turn from occurring, late or soon; and it seems clearer every day that the year of destiny will be 1964.

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Religion

"Pure" Religion and the Secularized Society

WILL HERBERG

One of the most perplexing aspects of the situation created by recent Supreme Court decisions on Church and State (*Engel,* 1962; *Schempp* and *Murray,* 1963) is the apparently pro-secularist position taken by a number of Protestant clergymen and theologians, seconded here and there by a few Catholic laymen. These men are not just repeating tired and meaningless slogans about the "separation of Church and State"; they are men of deep religious faith and real theological insight, and their concern is at bottom a genuinely religious and theological concern. How, then, have they been led to take the position they have taken—of applauding the Supreme Court decisions, and even asking for more? We must try to see things from their standpoint, even if we can't come out agreeing with them.

In the first place, these men are deeply disturbed at the advancing dissolution of our religion into our culture. Beginning, some fifteen years ago, with my own studies of American religion, responsible authentic observers have noted with alarm the continuing evisceration of our religion of its authentic historic content, and its conversion into a homogenized "religion-in-general," in effect, little more than a celebration of the common values of the American Way. A religion so entangled with the culture cannot serve its prophetic and apostolic functions: it cannot mediate the judgment and the grace of God upon a wayward and faithless people (and all peoples within history are wayward and faithless). It can only sanctify the current values of the secular world, and uncritically sustain its prejudices and institutions. In the present racial crisis, for example, what are the churches and churchmen doing but echoing the received segregationist slogans in the South and the received integrationist slogans in the North, without the least sense of the unique responsibility of the Church over against the world?

"From the Catacombs"

Deeply disturbed by this progressive engulfment of the Church in the world, many theologians have come to view religious symbols and practices in public life with sharp distaste. Whatever these symbols and practices may once have meant, it is said, today they are simply part of the mobilization of the external forms of religion for secular, non-religious purposes. By being thus exploited religion is degraded and trivialized. Against this our theologians protest, affirming, with deep conviction, that to make a clean sweep of all religious vestiges in public life would be a great and valuable service to true religion.

This attitude is reinforced by deeper considerations coming out of recent continental theology, particularly the trend associated with the name of Dietrich Bonhoeffer. Theologians of this school assert that "modern man" is radically different from his predecessors in that, until this present age, men have always depended upon metaphysical and religious supports in living their lives, whereas "modern man," for the first time, is dispensing with these supports and is facing his life on his own. This they see as a strangely providential development; and they call upon Christians to recognize and welcome it. Christians ought to cut themselves off from the "public Christianity" of Christendom, with its involvement in the relativities of culture and politics; and, regrouping themselves, speak "from out of the catacombs," as it were, to a starkly secularized world that has given up everything, even metaphysics and religion. It is not hard to detect the bitter, impassioned irony of Sören Kierkegaard in this "theology of the catacombs."

The two motifs, the American and the continental, reinforce each other in the minds of many American theologians; and they both contribute to the same conclusion: *the more thoroughly secularized our culture, the better!*

I think I understand the concerns of these theologians, and even appreciate the force of their arguments. Nevertheless, I think they are gravely and dangerously mistaken in the position to which they have been led.

It is true, our culture is forever striving to domesticate religion, and turn it into a kind of public utility for promoting its values; and it is also true that our religious leaders and our religious institutions do not, by and large, see this peril, or do anything to resist it. But the answer is not, not even partially, to sweep public life clean of religious symbols and practices for the sake of a purer religion. The religion that would come out of this purge might perhaps be "purer," but it would be less relevant. Above all, such a withdrawal would be an act of gross irresponsibility in the face of the political, social and cultural life that constitutes the civil order. For, as I have indicated in preceding articles, our entire American constitutional system of ordered freedom rests upon the recognition of a majesty beyond all earthly majesties, and a law beyond all earthly laws, thus keeping the merely relative majesty of law, state and nation in its place. To preserve this ever present sense of the higher allegiance and the higher law, religious symbols in public life—the pledge of allegiance with the Lincolnian phrase, "this nation under God," may be taken as their epitome—are both necessary and serviceable. I would ask the "pro-secularist" theologians, among whom I count men I deeply respect, to con-

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sider whether, by their extremism, they are not, in effect, leaving secular society and the civil order in the lurch.

Even more strongly would I urge such considerations upon the "theologians of the catacombs," whose religious passion and singleness of heart I admire. Are they not wrong in seeing "modern man" as a radical emergent, stripped of all supports of metaphysics and religion? Is a religionless man ever possible? Is it possible to eradicate the religious and metaphysical hunger from man's heart? Is not man essentially *homo religiosus, homo metaphysicus*?

A Host of Devils

"Modern man" is *not* free of religion and metaphysics; on the contrary, to the degree that he has disencumbered himself of his historic faith, Jewish or Christian, and of his metaphysical tradition, he has opened himself up to the incursion of a host of devils, who have subjected him to the most deceptive of pseudo-religions (Communism, Nazism, the Liberal cult of Progress) and to the most absurd of metaphysical systems. The "liberated" man of today least of all stands on his own feet: he literally has no ground to stand on, and is typically rushing headlong into the worst and most oppressive heteronomies the world has ever known—anything to get rid of responsibility, anything to be engulfed in total security. To retreat to the "catacombs" for the sake of pure faith which could then confront "emancipated," secularized man with the word of truth is a program based on a gross illusion: there is no such man, and such a religion would find no point of vantage anywhere from which to speak. Rather is it the task and mandate of the men of faith to enter the structures of power and culture unafraid, and do their part in the cosmic struggle with the "principalities and powers," striving to infuse something of the divine spirit into the activities of men, and to bring the whole under the judgment and the grace of God. Men of faith ought not to be frightened at religious symbols and practices in public life; they ought rather to know how to use them for the greater glory of God and the higher welfare of man in civil society.

Special Report

SuperMac Rides Out the Storm

ANTHONY LEJEUNE

London

At the Errol Flynn trial in California some years ago, a young woman testified: "He used to call me a strumpet—which I guess is kind of an English term of endearment." That she was quite right has been amply demonstrated by the crowds flocking around the Old Bailey for a glimpse of Christine Keeler and Mandy Rice-Davies. Then suddenly the Ward trial ended with a twist as dramatic and unexpected as anything which had gone before. By claiming the ultimate sanctuary of death, Ward turned himself from accused into accuser. Was he a scapegoat for the sins of society? Was he a political victim? The law killed him as surely as if it had used a noose.

I was present during the whole of the trial. I am sure, and I think most legal opinion would agree, that he ought not to have been convicted; he may well have been guilty, but the prosecution's evidence, considered calmly, was not of a kind to dispel all reasonable doubt. Too many lies were told. Too many extraneous matters were pressing in on that little courtroom. The burden of moral censure was intolerably heavy.

It was the Profumo Affair before it became the Ward Case, and the moral aspect—the sexual moral aspect, that is—was never, in my view, what mattered. The serious points were three: first, Profumo's lie to Parliament; second, the security risk; and, third, the social-aesthetic implications. About the lie to Parliament enough had been said. About the security risk we shall soon be hearing more; I will only add, because it affects the third point, that Ward's own views were leftist and pro-Soviet.

I do not suggest that he was, in any sense, a conscious Soviet agent.

What I think disturbing is that Ivanov, whose job it was to penetrate the upper echelons of British society, should have found it so easy and met so many willing helpers. He was welcomed, just as Christine Keeler and Mandy Rice-Davies were welcomed, without so much as a raised eyebrow. Society has lost its stiffening, its sense of identity, its pride.

The *Times* (which, in a celebrated and otherwise calamitous television interview, Lord Hailsham quite truly called "an anti-conservative newspaper with an anti-conservative editor") published a thunderous puritan leading editorial, drawing all the wrong conclusions. The country was rotten, it declared, because of the selfish materialism of Tory rule. This is a monstrous distortion. The activities revealed in the Ward Case are not new; they are the oldest in the world. A minister from any government could have been involved. That Mr. Profumo was exposed seems sheer bad luck: the accidental result of a wild pistol shot fired by Miss Keeler's discarded West Indian lover.

The affair does, as I say, reveal a dangerous crumbling in the framework of society. But this is not the result of Tory rule. On the contrary, it is a measure of the extent to which socialism, that supremely materialist doctrine, and the semi-socialist ideas which now pass for an official Conservative philosophy, have sapped the confidence, the principles and the social obligations of those people to whom Ivanov's mission was directed.

When the affair broke, there was something like panic in the Conservative Party. Time was desperately needed for getting things back into proportion. Mr. Macmillan, despite a ferocious attack from his own ranks, has managed to win time. The legend came true again. He was unflappable. The arrows bounced off SuperMac's armor.

He cannot wholly escape blame. His fondness for expediency, his quickness to trim sail according to the "winds of change," have done much to demoralize traditional Conserva-

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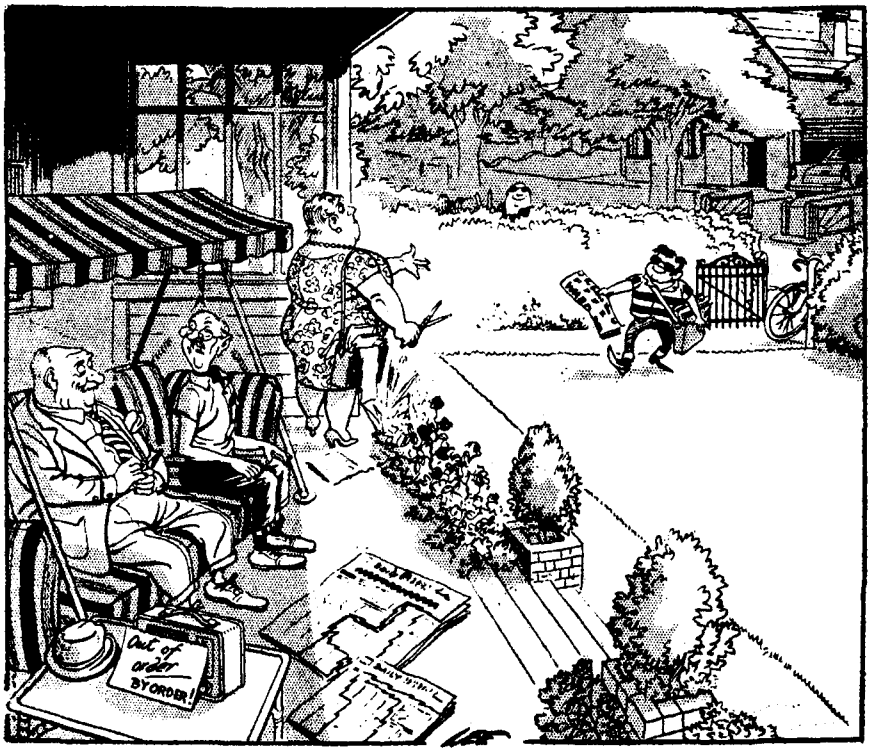

Lee *London Evening News* Ben Roth Agency

"Be nice to see a whole paper again, won't it?"

tives. And over Mr. Profumo he took an impudent risk. Let us grant that he felt ninety per cent certain (no human being could have been *absolutely* certain) of Mr. Profumo's innocence and veracity. There was still a risk. Mr. Profumo *might* not have been telling the truth. Even if he was telling the truth, a lot of unsavory relationships remained to be sifted and were bound to be talked about. Surely, as a matter of political calculation, it would have been common sense to let Mr. Profumo step aside, as he could then have done quite easily, until the rumors died down and the doubts were settled.

Mr. Macmillan was influenced, we know, by the unjust crucifixion of Thomas Galbraith, an innocent victim in the Vassall affair. As a man who sets store by loyalty, he trusted his colleagues. And his own mind was on higher things. Therefore he took a risk; a risk which may have seemed small but which carried, as we have seen, a tremendous penalty for error.

For weeks the time bomb ticked away; then it exploded, and the political roof fell in. Mr. Macmillan walked from the House of Commons, after that fierce and famous debate, looking grey and old, and squeezing a crumpled handkerchief in his hand. The Westminister pundits thought he would retire before the end of that week. The Tory backbenchers, who rush sheeplike between extremes of loyalty and rebellion, began squabbling over the succession. The small band of permanent anti-Macmillanites rejoiced. The Socialists looked on gloating.

"There is a lot of noise on the stairs," says an old Chinese proverb, "but nobody comes into the room." The weeks passed and Mr. Macmillan was still Prime Minister. The Tory backbenchers watched incredulous. They fumed; they jumped on their hats in rage; all to no avail. They were quite out of touch with the feeling of ordinary Conservatives in the country. Mr. Macmillan's postbag was being swelled, and his heart warmed, by a massive expression of sympathy and support. The backbenchers' revolt, he decided, could be treated with the contempt it deserved.

The plain fact is that he never for a moment meant to let himself be hounded out of office, as he put it himself, "by a pair of tarts." His mind was still on higher things. He wanted to achieve a test-ban treaty. He hoped for an upsurge in the economy which would set the Conservative Party on the road to recovery. He honestly believed that it would be best, both for his party and for the country, if he stayed.

And, as a matter of fact he was right. He is still, in Mr. Butler's Delphic phrase, "the best Prime Minister we've got." Admittedly his own position, and indeed that of the whole Government, is now highly vulnerable. Like convalescents, they will be hit unusually, perhaps fatally, hard if anything else goes wrong. The leadership question is only dormant, not settled. There will be much intrigue and top-level discussion before the Conservative Party Conference in October. At the moment, candidates for the succession appear to have been reduced to two: Mr. Butler, the senior men's choice, and Mr. Maudling, whom the backbenchers would prefer. Neither name sounds like a rallying cry. The Tories would probably do better to stick with Mr. Macmillan until after the election.

At least he is, as Randolph Churchill once remarked, "very much on our side"; which cannot be said with equal assurance of that other potential Prime Minister, Mr. Harold Wilson. On a score of issues, from South African arms to the anti-Greek riots in London, Mr. Wilson has made it clear that, if the interests of the Western Alliance ever conflict with Socialist doctrines, it is the interests of the Western Alliance which he will discard.

Certainly the Socialists are in no position to complain about security risks. A Government formed by Mr. Wilson and his friends would in itself constitute a security risk far more profound than Mr. Macmillan's momentary negligence.

Can such a Government be averted? There is still a chance. The Profumo-Ward-Keeler affair has done less harm than the Opposition hoped, or the Tory backbenchers feared, or the newspapers expected. It may even have earned new affection for Mr. Macmillan: an honorable man, people feel, who was let down by his friends. The consummate skill and determination with which he has conducted himself throughout these stormy weeks suggest that, if anyone can pull the Tories through, it will be that old man with the grizzled moustache and drooping eyelids. He has a wonderful instinct for survival.

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Freedom, Virtue, and the State

WILLIAM F. RICKENBACKER

As the discussion of individual liberty and civil order enters its 2,363rd year, the forum welcomes a new voice, pleading for definition, definition

In the September 11, 1962 issue of NATIONAL REVIEW an essay of signal importance was published under the title, "Freedom or Virtue?" Written with the grace and knowledge typical of all of Brent Bozell's work, the essay mounted an attack on the "fusionist" efforts of Frank Meyer and Stanton Evans, in effect affirming that there can be no peaceful coexistence of the "libertarians" and the "traditionalists" among conservatives.

First, let's take a moment to review Mr. Bozell's line of argument. He agrees with Meyer, I gather, that man's goal, his first duty, is to pursue virtue. He outlines the three "propositions" he finds implicit in the "libertarian" position: "A. Man cannot restrain his 'appetites' meaningfully—*i.e.*, pursue virtue—without choosing to do so. B. His ability to choose meaningfully and thus to restrain his appetites depends, to a significant degree, on external 'circumstances.' C. The *more* these circumstances favor choice, the *better* he can restrain his appetites and so achieve virtue; and conversely, as these circumstances become unfavorable, the opportunities for virtue diminish accordingly—and theoretically they can shrink . . . to the zero point."

Mr. Bozell then scans these propositions in search of his target. "For the moment," he writes, "we may accept proposition A as true: the sense in which choice may *not* be necessary to virtue is not germane at this point." (Mr. Bozell elucidates the exception later: "For as the mystics tell us, true sanctity is achieved only when man loses his freedom—when he is freed of the temptation to displease God." It seems to me the state of true sanctity is rare enough to allow us to ignore the exception; consequently I assume Mr. Bozell accepts proposition A as true and relevant in any discussion of political theory.)

Mr. Bozell then finds that proposition C "is probably true also"—if proposition B is true. So he concentrates his attention on proposition B, the thesis that man's ability to choose meaningfully depends largely on external circumstance.

But first he asks *why* man's goal is to pursue virtue. "I think there are two possible answers to such a question. One is that God desires—for its own sake—a human order that conforms to the transcendent order, and therefore that He measures virtue by the extent to which human action existentially reflects divine norms. But this answer is certainly not the one Meyer and Stanton Evans would give. Under such a view of things, man's concern is simply to establish temporal conditions conducive to God-approved human action, and while leaving matters to individual choice may be useful in some instances, there is no *a priori* need for freedom at all. The other possibility is that God wants man to 'prove himself'—or, in Christian terms, to *earn* salvation. This we may assume, until they tell us otherwise, is exactly Meyer's and Evans' meaning."

But, Mr. Bozell asks, if earning salvation is the goal of man, will it be possible for one man to damage another's chances of it—"*e.g.*, by restricting the exercise of his freedom"? He finds Christian teaching "generally to the contrary." True, says Mr. Bozell, every man's choice will be "loaded" with the sanctions that have accumulated during a life suffused with the effect of social institutions, but "the mystery of freedom which we feel, or take on faith, but cannot demonstrate is that in spite of these sanctions an element of spontaneity remains. And when this spontaneity (Christian teaching goes on) figures in the selection of the 'greater' good over the 'lesser' one, as determined by each man's conscience, merit accrues and a step has been taken toward salvation."

"But," continues Mr. Bozell, "this is simply another way of saying that morally significant choice is a *psychic* event." And so it is unaffected by external circumstance: a notion that is "surely" (and I do not disagree) "among the most ordinary of theological commonplaces." And so Mr. Bozell concludes, "The freedom that is necessary to virtue is presumably a freedom no man will ever be without. Morally significant freedom is merely an aspect of the human condition: it is indispensable, but it is also inalienable." And so

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"moral freedom is beyond the reach of politics."

At this point Mr. Bozell handles a possible objection: that "the simulacrum of virtuous acts brought about by the coercion of superior power is not virtue, the meaning of which resides in the free choice of good over evil." Agreeing for the moment "that virtue is not necessarily to be equated with the merit that qualifies for salvation," Mr. Bozell describes a "second" or "humanistic" order of virtue, depending upon the good freely chosen, and proceeds to build a *reductio ad absurdum* the meaning of which is that we must destroy all institutions that make evil choices difficult and virtuous choices easy: "In short, libertarianism's first command — maximize freedom — applies with equal vigor to all of society's activities; and the meaning of the command, in effect, is this: virtue must be made as difficult as possible."

Anticipating the libertarian's further objection that it is only the state props that he wishes to dismantle, Mr. Bozell says, "On his own showing he has no business making such a distinction. There are, of course, vital differences between 'state' and 'social' sanctions, but they have no bearing on the argument in question here — namely, that maximum freedom of choice is essential to individual virtue."

"*Existentialist*" *Heresy*

Mr. Bozell characterizes this position as an "existentialist" sort of heresy, that "man has no nature—no essence—and therefore no end other than to work out a nature from his potentialities, each man for himself." Over against this Mr. Bozell offers his understanding of the "Christian metaphysic," in which man's nature is seen as "totally integrated with that of the rest of being." But also it is man's nature, he says, "that he, uniquely among created beings, has the capacity to deviate from the patterns of order—to, as it were, repudiate his nature: *i.e.*, he is free. So viewed, freedom is hardly a blessing. . . ."

As a peroration to this section of his argument Mr. Bozell states the "marching orders of Christianity"—"to magnify the Christian Church: and to establish temporal conditions conducive to human virtue—that is, to build a Christian civilization."

Is freedom, then, an *a priori* requirement for virtue? No, says Mr. Bozell: "We can agree that the freer the choice—*i.e.*, the more difficult it is — the greater the *merit*. But if, by definition, the virtuous act is one that conforms with man's nature, with the divine patterns of order—is the kind of heroic freedom envisioned by libertarian doctrine essential to such an act?" Here Mr. Bozell gives three examples of "good" actions, one of them "reflexive," one of them "instinctive," and one even "coerced by state power." "Yet each of them, in itself, is a *virtuous* act if man's virtue consists in conducting himself in conformity with his nature, with the divine patterns of order."

Bozell sums up the "traditionalist" position:

"1. *The* goal of man is virtue—the fulfillment of the potentialities of his God-oriented nature. Man's purpose therefore is to seek virtue. God rewards or punishes depending on how individual man, each judged in the context of his peculiar circumstances, conducts the quest.

"2. The chief purpose of politics is to aid the quest for virtue. Man's corruption necessitates many such aids. The peculiar function of politics is to create a commonwealth whose institutions — one of which is the state—will reflect as nearly as possible the ideal values of truth, beauty and goodness, and so help instill them as real values in the consciousness of its citizens.

"3. Political (and economic) freedoms are, in this sense, 'institutions' which the prudent commonwealth will adopt in such measure as they are conducive to the virtue of its citizens.

"4. Free will inheres in human nature as a *condition* of each man's personal quest for virtue. Without it, the quest could not take place—movement toward the goal would be impossible. Without it, no less important, the quest would be unnecessary—the goal would be at hand. Short of the goal, no man will lack opportunity for exercising free will. As the goal approaches, the occasions for exercising it will diminish, as it merges into the will of God.

"5. The urge to freedom for its own sake is, in the last analysis, a rebellion against nature; it is the urge to be free from God."

Thus Mr. Bozell. Along with Frank Meyer he correctly scuttles the position of the doctrinaire libertarians, those who would place freedom as the highest goal of man, society, and state. But in asserting the supremacy of virtue as the unique goal of man, society, and state, Mr. Bozell must destroy Meyer's claim that freedom is the requisite condition of virtue: must destroy, that is, the fusionist position. Mr. Bozell starts reasonably enough—by granting that man has free will, that man's goal is to seek virtue, that there is such a thing as morally significant choice. But by gentle degrees he takes us to the position that asserts that freedom is, if anything, hardly a blessing; that freedom is not necessary to the good commonwealth but may be granted by the commonwealth to the citizens, on prudential grounds, in political and economic affairs; and that in any case freedom, or at least morally significant freedom, is beyond the reach of politics. How does Mr. Bozell lead us to these conclusions?

Confusion in Terms

I submit that the steps he has taken are concealed beneath a confusion in the use of his terms. Freedom, according to Mr. Bozell, may be many different things. It can be a "mystery" that leads to "spontaneity" in making choices—and hence is beyond the reach of politics: it is a moral condition. Or it can be an "institution" adopted in some measure by the "prudent commonwealth"—a sort of economic condition or political condition. (And in a section of his argument that I have omitted, Mr. Bozell speaks of political freedom as if he defined it *merely* as the right to vote.) In one place Mr. Bozell finds freedom "inalienable": in another, it is possibly "conducive" to the virtue of citizens, and therefore should be "adopted" by the commonwealth and presented to the citizens. Doesn't this conflict with his assertion that "morally significant freedom" is "inalienable" and "indispensable"? The urge to freedom for its own sake is, Mr. Bozell says, a rebellion against nature; yet he tells us man's nature is uniquely de-

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fined by his being free. In another place he defines freedom as the "temptation to displease God"—though, if freedom is "hardly a blessing," how can it be "indispensable" in the purusit of virtue? Still elsewhere Mr. Bozell equates freedom of choice with "difficulty" of choice. He also uses a term, "heroic freedom," the precise significance of which seems somewhat ignored.

I find similar confusion in Mr. Bozell's idea of virtue. Clearly he concludes by defining it as "the fulfillment of the potentialities of man's God-oriented nature." But Mr. Bozell asserts that it is part of man's nature *not* to be necessarily God-oriented; is the fulfillment of man's potentialities for freedom part of man's pursuit of virtue? We must assume not. Virtue, according to Mr. Bozell, must be the fulfillment of the potentialities of only that portion of man's nature that is God-oriented. But Mr. Bozell also uses a term, "salvation," which he says is earned by merit—and merit, he says, derives from a *psychic* event untouched and untouchable by external circumstances: that is why morally significant choice is beyond the reach of politics. However, Mr. Bozell does not mention salvation as the goal of man, but virtue, and apparently virtue is quite within the reach of politics: that is why politics must foster a commonwealth that will develop institutions that will aid man in the quest for virtue. This "morally significant choice" is equated, in Mr. Bozell's terms, with virtue itself, the kind of virtue from which Mr. Bozell deduces the conclusion that "the freedom that is necessary to virtue is presumably a freedom no man will ever be without." Yet he defines "true sanctity" as something to be achieved only in the loss of freedom.

A Singular Circularity

Finally, Mr. Bozell's theory of the state reduces to a singular circularity. Man is corrupt, he tells us: and so man needs help in seeking virtue. Therefore man must engage in political activity, and his political activity will "create" a commonwealth (in itself a questionable chain of events), and the commonwealth will include (create? adopt? foster?) "institutions" ("one of which is the state"???) which will help to instill in man the real values of truth, beauty, and goodness. Thus corrupt man, working through various agencies under his influence (apparently), brings about his own beatification.

Mr. Bozell can manipulate his circular theory of the state as long as he can manipulate his unhinged definitions of freedom and virtue. If he wishes to show that freedom has nothing to do with virtue, he calls virtue a psychic event. If he wishes to show that the state has a great deal to do with virtue, he defines virtue as an existentially measurable action, which may be virtuous even

while it is reflexive, instinctive, or even coerced by the state: that is, virtue is *not* a psychic event. If he wishes to ignore the claims of the actual world, he can discuss virtue in theological terms. If he wishes to press the claims of the world, he informs us that one of the marching orders of Christianity is to build a Christian civilization.

If the inner logic of Mr. Bozell's argument fails by a wide margin to support his conclusions, his conclusions also fail to satisfy the circumspect reader. Let us grant for the moment Mr. Bozell's assertion that the goal of man is virtue, and that virtue is measurable existentially in overt actions, and that the state and society's institutions can help (and even coerce) men to make those overt actions. My objection here is that I have never been personally introduced to "the state" or to "social institutions." I have met only men and women, and they have all fallen short of my, and I'm sure of Mr. Bozell's, definition of a saint.

Also, I am not impressed with Mr. Bozell's attempt to lump social institutions and the state all together in one bag of coercive powers that must be tossed into the sea if we are to have freedom: that is, his *reductio ad absurdum* derived from the libertarian plea to maximize freedom. He admits "vital distinctions," but he fails to specify them. *The* vital distinction is that the state has the plain brute power (troops, bayonets, prisons) to enforce its will; whereas social institutions do not have that plain brute power. The difference between governmental coercion and social suggestion (or sanction, if you will) is crucial. I will retain my life, liberty and property if I thumb my nose at the whole range of social institutions; not so, if I resist the state. The merely influential force of accumulated custom and voluntary associations may be strong, but it is not commanding. Freedom consists in not being commanded.

The "theological commonplace" that man's moral freedom is inalienable is commonplace enough, but it is a theological and not a political commonplace. We are, after all, conducting a discussion of political theory, with its necessary investigation of theological assumptions; but ultimately we are aiming to arrive at political truth and not theological truth. If we were interested only in the theological view of the doings of Mr. Bozell, for instance, we should find it easy to agree that he would not suffer in his opportunity to seek virtue even if he were chained in a dungeon. Indeed, under his theory that the good commonwealth actually uses coercive power to minimize the opportunity for non-virtue, that is, to minimize temptation, I suspect he would welcome the dungeon and the chains. For there is little temptation to be found when one is immobilized and isolated, is there? But if it is to be the state that must minimize temptation, let me remind Mr. Bozell that in one prayer popular among certain traditionalists it is not the state to whom we pray to lead us not into temptation. . . .

Nevertheless, we have Mr. Bozell in the black pit now: what will he do? Relax, smile, be virtuous "in the context of his peculiar circumstances"? The crucial point is that he would not. He *would* struggle for something besides his admittedly inalienable moral freedom, because he

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would see his position not only in theological terms (the dungeon be damned, it's the soul that counts) but also in political terms—that is, in terms of the damage suffered by the good society when good men are salted away for keeps. There are children to be reared, are there not? Our definition of the good society excludes the alternative of rearing children in dungeons, does it not? There are good works to be performed, are there not—such as the magnification of the Christian Church? There must be freedom in more ways than moral: freedom to travel, freedom of speech, freedom of worship. Else how do we act as missionaries? Much as Mr. Bozell pretends to rail at those who find a "secondary" or "humanistic" order of virtue, something less austere than the private effort toward personal salvation, I think he must accept a good part of what he rails at. There *is* work to be done here, now, in this world; and it is not to be done by immobile captives, nor, except in the mystical sense, by saints sitting on pillars in the desert. I once had the opportunity to mention to Mr. Bozell that it was possible to consider the community of pillar sitters as in one sense a good society, but that it had suffered from one obvious handicap: it was unable to reproduce its kind.

At this point I think Mr. Bozell will grant a certain reluctant assent. If I let him have his theological commonplace about the inalienability of moral freedom, he will let me have a certain amount of freedom in other directions as long as it is subservient to the ends of the good society. But thus far isn't far enough. And before we go further, let's strip our vocabulary of its confusions. The time has come to nail a couple of terms down for good.

A Couple of Definitions

Freedom. In relation to the individual citizen, the absence of coercion exercised against his life, property, person, action, thought, expression. So defined, freedom can never be achieved absolutely, because from the start it must be limited (by governmental coercion) so that one individual may not coerce another. So defined (and here lies the argument against the doctrinaire libertarians), freedom cannot serve as man's goal, because it involves no value judgment: it is an objectively measurable social condition. When it obtains, and to the extent that it obtains, individual human beings enjoy the opportunity to make choices over a range of matters varying from the purely psychic (shall we or shall we not look upon another's wife with lustful thought?*) to the purely mechanical (shall we or shall we not send this airmail?)—and yet to some extent *every* choice has a bearing on the direction and viability of the society as a whole. That is why Mr. Bozell must choose to get out of that dungeon if he can, and if he

chooses bribery over the hacksaw, it may make a difference for Christian civilization, for it may make the difference between success and failure in his attempted bolt.

Freedom, so defined, has nothing to do with influences exercised by voluntary associations. The influences (usually for the good) of social institutions and voluntary associations are measurable, both in the degree to which they affect the individual judgment, and, granted a wisdom properly tempered with humility, measurable also in terms of their consonance with the constitution of being. This much granted, the wise and mature individual person will consider himself quite capable of evaluating the institutional influences at work upon him; and quite capable of rejecting them if he wishes. This is what Mr. Bozell does when he undertakes to discuss political theory and social conditions. Does he feel somehow unfree despite the vigor with which he attacks these influences? Nay, the concept of the good society *must* include the individual's option to reject whatever institutions he finds at variance with reality. That is why the claims of freedom must not be subordinated to the other claims implicit in the human condition. But note that freedom is not raised to the prior notch, either: it is no more and no less than the essential condition under which man must, to be human, live his life and seek virtue. And Mr. Bozell has his signals reversed here: if he wishes to make virtuous choice easy, and if he defines virtue as the choice men make in accordance with their own conscience, then only when men are *not* subject to the coercion of the state can they make their choices, according to their conscience, in the knowledge that an unorthodox or original solution will not lead to a jail sentence. In dungeons one *may* be virtuous, but dungeons are not *necessary* to virtue.

Virtue. Virtue it is in man to conform to his nature: a nature that includes not only the potential capacity to know God but also the present capacity to repudiate his nature—to be "free," as Mr. Bozell would (inaccurately) say. Given both sides of man's nature, virtue must consist in man's consciously choosing to know God. Merit, then, accrues to the extent of man's knowledge of God; salvation, to that extent again but with the additional advantage of grace unmerited—"unbought," would Burke say? But the condition of the choosing: that is the condition of moral inviolability in human nature. The soul cannot be coerced. It can be tempted, though, and in the possibility of temptation Mr. Bozell finds the justification for his politics of

*Mr. Bozell may object that such a psychic choice is unaffected by external circumstance. My rebuttal: suppose the external circumstance is such that married women are forbidden to show their face outside their immediate family?

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coercion. But we have seen that his political theory is circular, and now we can see the ultimate reason for its failure: virtue, like freedom, can be considered only as an aspect of the individual human being. The state is not free; it is autonomous. The state cannot be virtuous, because it cannot be damned—or saved. Society (the sum of individuals) cannot be free or unfree, because it has neither life nor property nor personality that can be subject to coercion; only individuals can be coerced. Thus the individual is, as Meyer says, the locus of virtue, and the locus of freedom. The state cannot coerce the individual's virtue, but it *can* coerce individuals to act in accordance with the state's notions of virtue. But here comes the dungeon again, as soon as you admit a state that can lock up anyone who looks as if he might present a temptation to others. The dungeon is the opposite side of the coin in which Mr. Bozell minted his *reductio ad absurdum*, when he lampooned the idea that virtue consists *only* in resisting the most seductive and the most numerous temptations. Virtue consists in the willed movement towards God. The man who never sins (in the objective order), but who also never prays—may be an atheist.

Free Will

Free Will. That quality of man's nature which may be assumed to be functioning when he takes a course of action that he knows may lead to moral or material disaster. Not objectively measurable—in fact, neither provable nor disproven. Unfortunately, the phrase uses the word "free" although what it signifies has nothing whatsoever to do with the notion of "freedom" as defined above, which is an objectively measurable social condition, and which is best described in negative terms. A man is free to the extent that certain observable conditions obtain; he has free will no matter what the external circumstances are.

Freedom, virtue, and the state—let us finally come to grips with these. The ultimate question Mr. Bozell asks is whether freedom is an *a priori* requirement for virtue. As long as virtue consists in a willed movement towards God, the only *a priori* requirement is the existence of free will. As long as free will is considered to be inalienable and inviolable, the coercive power of the state is irrelevant: that is, whether a man lives under Communist tyranny or in the relatively free conditions in the United States, he remains in charge of his moral decisions, and solely in charge, and his performance in the moral realm will help to determine his reward. But the central consideration here is that a tyranny such as Communism makes it extremely difficult for a citizen to live a moral life and survive the usual number of years allotted to men. Virtue can be a costly thing under tyranny. It is under a dictatorship, not in freedom, that virtue becomes, as Mr. Bozell would say, "heroic." I fully agree with him that the state (and society, to the extent it has coercive power) should not operate in such a way as to make virtuous action heroic—that is, to make it expensive, painful, disastrous. That is why the claims of freedom are prior to the claims of virtue in the political realm, because *as freedom is extended so also are amplified the opportunities for men to seek virtue without fear of overwhelming consequences.*

If Mr. Bozell thinks that to maximize freedom is to make virtue as difficult as possible, I find it hard to avoid the conclusion that he thinks a certain degree of tyranny is an *a priori* requirement for virtue—which is an absurdity, granted virtue's dependency on free will, and the inviolability and inalienability of free will. Not to mention the corruption of the tyrant.

Of course the amplification of freedom opens the door to an expanse of activities we couldn't call virtuous. But if man is capable of misusing his freedom, we should direct our attention not at his freedom but at his free will: for it is his faulty choices, and not the lenience with which they are tolerated, that constitute the difficulty. But his free will is untouchable; and if we cannot restrict his free will by restricting his freedom, what earthly (or other) purpose can be served by restricting his freedom?

In Mr. Bozell's proposals I find a hint of despair: surely he knows that man's freedom leads to non-virtuous actions as well as virtuous, and he appears to be seeking to end evil by inventing a mechanism by which man can avoid making choices. But man cannot avoid making choices, even in that famous dungeon (you can come out now, Brent). The essence of his nature is precisely the making of choices, and the challenge of his condition is to make the correct choices—the virtuous choices.

The Species Is Wise

This is where we must turn to social institutions, tradition, cultural wisdom. The individual is foolish, but the species wise; and for most individuals the accumulated knowledge of mankind as expressed in social institutions will suffice as an initial guide to virtue. But virtue cannot be coerced; and so social institutions must not be anything more potent than voluntary associations. Taken altogether, they may present a towering structure of sanctions, directives, regulations—but the individual who rejects the entire package of social sanctions and who yet lives in freedom will retain the means of his existence both material and moral: his property, his personal mobility, his unhindered right to thought and expression, and so his opportunity to continue to seek virtue according to the light of his conscience, even having rejected all other lights.

The individual is foolish, but the species wise. Yes, but the species is wise not because of the accumulated wisdom of the species, which does not think or write or pray, but because of those exceptional individuals who have thought and written and prayed—and who have often been killed for their efforts. We have killed our saints and our prophets but we have always come, at the end, to the point of learning from them, and what they died for cannot be claimed as the accomplishment of the species. And yet what they have given us is worthy and necessary in and of itself; it matters not that they were killed. Killing a prophet is not an *a priori* requirement of the good society or the wisdom of the species. Indeed, I should imagine the reverse to be more likely: that a society that welcomes its prophets and affords them a place of honor in the forum will the more readily learn the paths toward virtue.

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From the Academy

RUSSELL KIRK

A Wrong Way to Improve Schools

What with pressures from the better colleges, vexed parents, and such admirable organizations as the Council for Basic Education, even the average school — public or private — labors under the necessity of having to offer something for the mind nowadays. But often the reform is more than a gesture—the establishment, for instance, of a "special room" or two, in emulation of other schools that have begun to do something for the "gifted child." Nothing needs imaginative reform more urgently, I suspect, than the average secondary school curriculum in literature and composition. And some schools have made a beginning here. But if one substitutes for the dreary "adjustment" theory and practice of doctrinaire Deweyism a misconceived program quite as bad in its own way, one has but substituted King Stork for King Log.

Kirk

The New Cult

All this is brought to the forefront of my mind by my reading a copy of a talk sent to me by Mr. Robert Cluett, an English master at Kent School (Kent, Connecticut), one of the best academies in this country. I propose to quote extensively from his talk.

As Mr. Cluett says, the "cult of adjustment" now is discredited. The priest of "adjustment," in Mr. Cluett's words, is easily recognized "in that he is usually wearing a large badge that says, 'I don't teach subjects, I teach children.'" The unfortunate children subjected to the "adjustment" fallacy have trouble getting into college, since they have been taught nothing. Disliking phonics, discipline and grammar, the adjustment zealots have made hash of school literature and composition for nearly a generation. But now they are in the sere and yellow leaf. Yet another cult is supplanting the "adjustment" clique, at too many schools: the cult of "enrichment." I offer you Mr. Cluett on this body of schismatics:

"Though it has been known to infiltrate classrooms containing children as young as nine or ten, this is a group than usually makes its appearance from sixth-grade teaching onward, and it is in the grammar and high school years that it is most debilitating to a sound program in English. The enrichment cultist is an ardent advocate of several notions: 1) that grammar training is needless and irrelevant; 2) that correct and precise self-expression is 'something that can come later,' since the big thing now is to get the child to swing around in the great and wonderful ocean of abstract ideas; 3) that sheer weight and volume of so-called work done are the major criteria of a sound program—or, that it is far, far better for a student to read fifty books a year, with only the most superficial and vague sort of testing, than for him to read three or four books with careful and complete comprehension. A corollary to the enrichment cultist's love of curricular bulk is his love of size in the realm of vocabulary; to him, language is never a precision tool whose skilful use requires years and years of monotonous practice—it is rather a sledgehammer. He almost would rather die than have a word conjure up a concrete picture in the mind of his student. This man feels that the function of any single word in the student's vocabulary should be to call up nine kinds of sort-of-maybe-somewhat synonyms, all of which are devoid of concrete associations in the child's mind.

"A sample—and perhaps rather exaggerated—program of the enrichment cult would run as follows: in the sixth grade, the complete works of Jim Bishop, several books by the Alsop Brothers on how the world is coming to an end, Jane Austen's *Pride and Prejudice,* all the submarine literature to come out of World War II, an abridgment of *The Iliad,* and the Classic Comics biography of Socrates. There will be a collateral reading list in which the children can —I believe the word is forage—in which the children can munch at will in the grassland of all nineteenth- and twentieth-century fiction, *except* for *Moby Dick, Daniel Deronda* and *Finnegans Wake,* which are reserved for seventh grade. The menial business of teaching self-expression will be covered by an eleventh- or twelfth-grade handbook, reserved for emergencies only; to the child who spells 'cat' with a K, the teacher will recommend gently the handbook's section on spelling. The culmination of the year's work will consist of a two-thousand-word paper on 'Why I named my Dog Spot.' There are several heresies from this program, the teaching of which will be forbidden: *viz.,* that there are such things as nouns and verbs, periods and commas, subjects and predicates. The psyches of the children as yet are too delicate to be exposed to a notion so harsh as an absolute standard of correctness: under pressure of being forced to write in sentences, many children have reacted with indifference and even hostility. Furthermore, no child of eleven—so the reasoning goes—can relate the notion of noun or verb to his own life."

A Great Blur

Mr. Cluett concludes that the young person who graduates from a high school given over to this "enrichment" cult has these characteristics: 1) "a huge, but very imprecise, vocabulary; 2) *no capacity* whatsoever for self-expression; and 3) as he looks back over his monstrous and distended reading list, a great blur in his mind." If this be enrichment, give the rising generation the pleasures of poverty.

You will have perceived, gentle reader, that Mr. Cluett has been around. I am happy to announce that he and a collaborator soon will publish a rhetoric textbook for high schools, in which Cicero and the King James Version are not forgotten.

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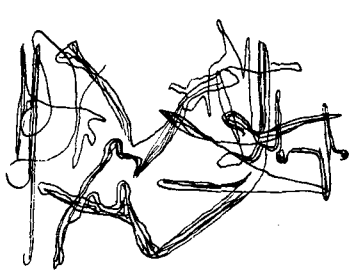
Mindscapes

EZRA POUND

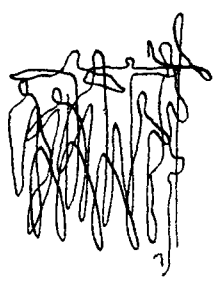
And in thy mind beauty, O Artemis,
  as of mountain lakes in the dawn
Foam and silk are thy fingers,
  Kuanon,
and the long suavity of her moving,
  willow and olive reflected,
Brook water idles,
  topaz against pallor of under-leaf,
The lake waves Canaletto'd
  under blue paler than heaven,
The rock-layers arc'd as with a compass,
  this rock is magnesia,
Cozzaglio, Dino Martinazzi made this road here
    (Gardasena)

Felix nupsit,
  an end.
In love with Khati
  now dead for 5,000 years
Over water bluer than midnight
  where the winter olive is taken
Here are the earth's breasts mirrored
  and all Euridices,
Laurel bark sheathing the fugitive,
  a day's wraith unrooted?
Neath this altar now Endymion lies,
KALLIASTRAGALOS

By the pomegranate water
  in the clear air
    over Li Chiang
The firm voice amid pine wood,
  many spirits are at the foot of
    Hsiang Shan
By the temple pool, Lung Wang's,
  the clear discourse
    as jade stream
Artemisia
Arundinaria
  winnow'd in fate's tray
    neath luna



. . . for the blue flash and the moments
  benedetta
the young for the old
  That is tragedy
And for one beautiful day there was peace.
  Brancusi's bird
    in the hollow of pine trunks
or when the snow was like sea foam
  Twilit sky leaded with elm boughs.
Under the Rupe Tarpeia
  weep out your jealousies
To make a church
  or an altar to Zagreus Ζαγρευσ
Son of Semele Σεμελη
Without jealousy
  like the double arch of a window
Or some great colonnade.



Ambracia,
  for the delicacy,
    for the kindness,
The grass-flower clings to its stalk under Zephyrus.
Fear father of cruelty
And on July 14th. sd:
  That lizard's feet are like snow flakes,
    (pale young four-toes) tetradaktylos
ubi amor
ibi oculus
  ? to all men for an instant ?
    beati
The sky leaded with elm boughs

A blown husk that is finished
  but the light sings eternal
a pale flare over marshes
  where the salt hay whispers to tide's change.

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The Sword of Unlimited War

GEORGE FIELDING ELIOT

To his well-established reputation as a narrator of the military events and an analyst of the military personalities of the Civil War, Bruce Catton is now adding a crowning accomplishment. He has acquired the rare facility of seeing the war as a whole—as a political as well as a military phenomenon—and the even rarer facility of keeping his reader constantly aware of the interplay of cause and effect on the demands of the battlefield and those of the political arena. Almost on a day-to-day basis the reader of *Terrible Swift Sword* is reminded not only of the ebb and flow of the tides of war, the accomplishments and the shortcomings of the generals, but also of the political pressures which bore upon the Federal and the Confederate governments and hence on the political consequences of victory or defeat, of action or inaction.

In the period covered by this volume—from the summer of 1861, just after First Bull Run, to the late fall of 1862 after the final relief of General G. B. McClellan as commander of the Army of the Potomac—we see how a war that both sides at the outset meant to be a war of limited objective was inexorably transformed into an unlimited war of revolutionary character. McClellan's departure "marked not so much a change in commanders as another change in the war itself. So far the war had been chaotic, formless, a vast tumult which might conceivably be won, lost or adjusted before it got altogether beyond control. It had been what McClellan always supposed it to be: a limited war for a limited end. Now it was going to be unlimited, and the people who fought it would have to look far into the future for a guiding light because they were bidding goodbye to the past."

Terrible Swift Sword: The Centennial History of the Civil War, Vol. II, by Bruce Catton. Doubleday, $7.50

THE LIMITED objective for which the people of the Northern states had taken up arms was defined as the preservation of the Union "with all the dignity, equality and rights of the several States unimpaired." The question of slavery would, in this view, remain a political affair to be settled after the Union had been restored. Moreover, it was strategically vital to keep Missouri and Kentucky from seceding, especially the latter. Kentucky in Confederate hands "would effectively blockade the Ohio River and deprive the Federals of any feasible base for a large-scale offensive in the Mississippi Valley, fundamental in the Union's grand strategy." President Lincoln's original politico-military dilemma was compounded of the need to appease the slaveholders of Kentucky and the fact that many of the most energetic Republican supporters of his policy were red-hot abolitionists.

The politico-military dilemma of President Davis, at Richmond, was that—with inferior resources—the South needed a quick military victory which would convince the North that the war could not be won and perhaps bring about recognition of Southern independence by Britain and France: yet the theory of states' rights which was the life-essence of the Confederate struggle prevented the Confederate government from compelling the states to make local sacrifices in order to concentrate forces for a major offensive while there was a chance of success. The tendency of some of the states to retain troops for "home defense" was accentuated by the vigorous coastal offensives sparked by the Union Navy's board of strategy—to which, almost alone among general historians, Mr. Catton allots due credit.

MR. LINCOLN'S dilemma was made more painful by the fact that "The Army of the Potomac in its formative period had been kept too long near Washington and had been incurably infected with politics." McClellan himself had strong anti-abolition views, which he did not hesitate to press upon the President; and when McClellan's weaknesses as a commander in the field (a pathological tendency to overestimate the strength of his opponent, and "a baffling lack of capacity to drive a chosen plan through to a conclusion") became glaringly plain, frustrated "radical Republicans" did not hesitate to associate these faults with disloyalty to the Union cause. The corrosive effect of this sort of reasoning was doubled by the countereffect of the Army's resentment of political interference: a mutual distrust took the place of earlier mutual confidence, and only the immensely superior resources at the disposal of the Union prevented distrust from producing ultimate disaster.

Fortunately for the Union, in the early months of the war "Mr. Lincoln had been doing his homework." His evolving notions of strategy, as expressed to slow-moving generals in the West (Halleck and Buell) were sound enough: "We have the greater numbers, the enemy has the greater facility of concentrating forces upon points of collision." Lincoln saw that the Northern advantage could best be used "by menacing him with superior forces at different points, at the *same* time, so that we can safely attack one, or both, if he makes no change; and if he weakens one to strengthen the other, seize and hold the weakened one, gaining so much." It was the application of this basic principle, in the end, that produced victory for the Union. It could have done so sooner, Mr. Catton points out,

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had it been relentlessly applied by generals who understood it.

The period covered by this volume was, however, largely a period of wasted opportunities for the Union. The author appears convinced that McClellan could have taken Richmond in June 1862, and could have destroyed Lee's army in the Antietam campaign in September of that year, had he been "just a little more aggressive." In May 1963, after Shiloh, a resolute advance by the Union armies under Halleck ("who, like McClellan, had a singular genius for making war in low gear") would almost surely have given them both Vicksburg and Chattanooga that summer instead of a year later. But both in the East and West the Confederates were allowed to regain the initiative with their inferior resources but superior leadership. Even the opportunities afforded by the admirably conducted amphibious assaults of Rear Admiral Du Pont at Port Royal in the fall of 1861 and of Rear Admiral Goldsborough and General Burnside in the North Carolina Sounds in the spring of 1862 were not vigorously exploited, as they might well have been. So the chance of a quick end to a war of limited objective passed into the might-have-beens of history. Lincoln, facing at last the need to declare war on slavery as an institution, had to grasp the opportunity afforded by McClellan's equivocal—and unexploited—success at Antietam to issue the Emancipation Proclamation against a rather specious backdrop of asserted victory.

TERRIBLE SWIFT SWORD is both high drama and bitter realism. Today's readers will note many analogies between the politico-military problems of the current Cold War and those of the 1860s, especially the necessity which a war in which political considerations played so large a part placed upon the political leadership of both sides to present an attractive public "image" of their policies. Thus Mr. Davis, compelled to pursue a defensive policy because he could not compel reluctant state governors to give him the means to conduct a major offensive, and also because of lack of weapons, "tried to shield the country from an unpleasant truth . . . and put [the Administration] in the position of justifying inaction as a chosen policy . . . a purely defensive war in which it would defend every acre of Southern soil but would commit no aggression and attempt no invasions." In this thesis, notes our author, "lay the seeds of a crippling estrangement between government and the people." Similarly, after McClellan's failure on the Peninsula, preceded by a fatuous closing of the Northern recruiting stations in the anticipation of early and certain victory, there was a desperate need for more troops, but "the Administration could not suddenly call for more volunteers without confessing error and ruinous defeat." The "involved political approach" by which this need was met makes interesting reading today, as needs no less urgent are being met by devices no less involved.

This is a book about a time of great national peril, a book to be read thoughtfully, even prayerfully, by Americans who are living through just such another time of peril.

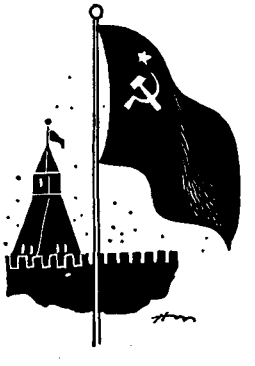
On Little Cat Feet

WILLIAM A. RUSHER

WE OLDSTERS OF thirty-nine or forty tend to forget that nobody under thirty today can be expected to remember much about the atomic espionage revelations of the early 1950s. Perhaps (they can be forgiven for conjecturing) it was all just a part of the Reign of Terror—that evil age, now happily long past, when honorable men were ruined by groundless imputations of Communism served up to a befuddled citizenry by publicity-mad politicians and professional informers.

The Greatest Plot in History, by Ralph de Toledano. Duell, $4.95

Even those of us who know better—who know that in the 1940s the Soviet Union, with the connivance of disloyal scientists in the United States, Great Britain and Canada, stole from the West the whole central story of our atomic technology—may be in danger of forgetting how it all happened. Just what *did* the 1945 defection of Igor Gouzenko, a Soviet code clerk in Ottawa, have to do with Britain's apprehension in 1946 of Dr. Alan Nunn May? How reliable, after all, were the 1949 charges of Major George Racey Jordan about large shipments of uranium compounds and literally tons of documents (the latter all uninspected, as "diplomatic mail") passing through Great Falls, Montana en route to the Soviet Union in 1943 and 1944? And what were the facts at the bottom of the controversy that boiled—and boils even now—around the tall, gaunt figure of J. Robert Oppenheimer?



So it is well that today, as the Liberal drive to rehabilitate Oppenheimer's shattered reputation gathers momentum, and the whole lesson of those fateful years begins to dim, Ralph de Toledano has undertaken to draw the threads of this incredibly complicated story together and tell, for the first time anywhere in a single volume, all that can be publicly told about the history of Soviet atomic espionage. If we bear in mind the vastness of the task, it must be acknowledged that he has succeeded remarkably well.

Inevitably, the frail raft of our understanding is more than once almost swamped by the intricate interrelations of the spies, their masters and their dupes. Even the Russians seem to have been faintly addled by it all, for as de Toledano points out in describing one crucial blunder: "Ironically, had Yakovlev and Rosenberg and Gold strictly observed the etiquette of espionage, they might never have been discovered. It was a kind of tragic daisy chain. Elizabeth Bentley led to Abe Brothman, and he involved Harry Gold. Klaus Fuchs was tied to Harry Gold and Yakovlev—and Yakovlev had brought Gold and David Greenglass together. Greenglass was

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tied to Ethel and Julius Rosenberg—and they in turn completed the circle with Elizabeth Bentley. It was all very bad form."

But de Toledano sails serenely on, wisely resisting many a temptation to turn aside from his ruling preoccupation: *atomic* espionage. He dismisses the British Communist, Guy Burgess, with a paragraph because Burgess seems not to have dabbled in this particular field—but carefully traces the fantastic career of Burgess' fellow defector, Donald Maclean, who while assigned as First Secretary of the British Embassy in Washington from 1944 to 1948 doubled in brass as secretary of the Combined Policy Committee on Atomic Development.

Moreover, even at this late date de Toledano turns up for the connoisseur many a fascinating tidbit of brand-new information. He asserts, for example, that Klaus Fuchs was first identified as a spy in 1949, because "a highly secret intelligence group penetrated the communications system of an Iron Curtain country and discovered the names of Fuchs and other traitors. The group made its findings known to the FBI." And he traces separate links between Burgess and Maclean on the one hand and Nunn May and Bruno Pontecorvo on the other, which will no doubt have to remain unconfirmed until MI-5 and the *Deuxième Bureau* (or, better yet, the KGB) open their files to the public.

IT IS AN intrinsically absorbing story; but, as with any good story, it is not the plot but the human characters that most thoroughly grip our imagination. De Toledano never forgets this; and his sketches of the major spies are sensitive and accurate: sad-eyed little Harry Gold, with that superbly trained memory; Klaus Fuchs, the pale, deceptively quiet "compulsive traitor"; Ethel and Julius Rosenberg, who were nobody until Communist espionage made them somebody, and who went to the chair rather than become nobody again; skinny "Peking Joan" Hinton, who preferred cyclotrons to boys (and who is probably building Red China's first atom bomb today); Bruno Pontecorvo, Alan Nunn May, Donald Maclean and many more.

Happy, it is said, is the nation that has no history. Thrice happy, retorted Churchill, is the nation that has a glorious history. But what shall be said of the nation that *forgets* its history? For that is what America is in danger of doing today. This book reminds us of a time when our scientific intelligentsia lost its way, and the white blood cells of our body politic failed to resist the invader—and he came, like Sandburg's fog, on little cat feet, and stole us blind.

Collective Insecurity

M. STANTON EVANS

THE NEWEST WRINKLE in anti-Communist studies is the intellectual popular front—embracing not divergent sectors of the Left, but yoking elements of Left and Right. The participants are cerebral conservatives and unsentimental Liberals who believe domestic issues will mean little if the world should be engulfed by Communism. Some excellent preliminary results have rewarded this unusual communion. The general program of the Foreign Policy Research Institute is an outstanding example, as are the Institute-sponsored books *Protracted Conflict* and *A Forward Strategy for America*. The paperback *American Strategy in the Nuclear Age* and the recently published *National Security* (assembled by the Georgetown Center for Strategic Studies) are other instances of successful collaboration.

The United Nations Reconsidered, edited by Raymond A. Moore Jr. University of South Carolina Press, $1.00

Building the Atlantic Community, by Robert Strausz-Hupé, James E. Dougherty, and William R. Kintner. Harper, $6.00.

Such undertakings serve several useful purposes. They stress the common interest of all Americans in throwing back the menace of Communism; they give credit where due to those Liberals who dissent from prevailing lunacies; and they give the "hard" view an entrée into Establishment circles which it otherwise might not receive. *The United Nations Reconsidered* demonstrates all of these advantages. Raymond A. Moore Jr. has gathered together a collection of speeches and articles, primarily from Establishment sources, pointing up the severe limitations of the UN. The book includes informative statements by Max Ascoli, Senators George Aiken and Henry Jackson, James Byrnes, the Earl of Home, and Charles de Gaulle. Also reproduced are essays by Senate Majority Leader Mike Mansfield, Senator J. William Fulbright, Harold Macmillan and Hamilton Fish Armstrong, worth reading for occasional cautionary insights. Although nothing in the volume will come as news to informed conservatives, it is a convenient source for such important documents as the Jackson and Home speeches and the Advisory Opinion of the World Court concerning the UN "bond issue." And Liberals who would automatically dismiss a critique of the UN by Barry Goldwater will no doubt be more receptive to similar counsel from their own favorites.

AS THE Moore book suggests, the Right-Left coalition, like most others, is premised on shared aversions; so long as the object is to dismantle the folly of "accommodation" or neutralism or excessive reliance on the UN, agreement and common effort are possible. Coalitions usually run into difficulty, however, when they stop being against and try to determine what they are for. *Building the Atlantic Community*, the latest volume from the production lines of the Foreign Policy Research Institute, suggests that the same troubles are besetting this one. The book contains the usual virtues of Institute work, laying bare the fallacies of the nuclear test ban, the nonexistence of "world opinion," the emptiness of current foreign policy axioms. Yet its constructive proposals have an unreal quality which contrasts strangely with the adamantine good sense of the general argument.

The authors contend that the supreme task of U.S. foreign policy

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should be to create an "Atlantic Community," preferably under some kind of supranational authority. Disparaging the "nation-state" as outmoded in the Cold War world, they would seek salvation through NATO, greatly expanded and politicalized, rather than through the UN. "The real issue," they say, "is not national sovereignty for its own sake, but material prosperity and the preservation of fundamental political liberties —the welfare, as the American Constitution puts it, of the people." If refinements on the NATO concept can achieve this, "citizens of the Atlantic states have every reason to delegate some of their rights to these Atlantic political institutions." This analysis coincides with the Fulbright call for "a concert of free nations" and with President Kennedy's "Declaration of Interdependence" speech at Philadelphia last year.

LET US GRANT that the requirements of survival in the Cold War might at some point conflict with constitutional sovereignty. But what would be gained from so drastic a measure as surrendering our constitutional guarantees of freedom? One can readily agree that America should give full support to the defense of its West European allies, attempt to make NATO a strong military force, and get over its reasonless aversion to nuclear "proliferation" on the continent—all of which points are incisively made in *Building the Atlantic World.* But it is a *non sequitur* to proceed from these matters, all compatible with continued sovereignty for all concerned, to the erection of an Atlantic superstate. The authors allege that "the major task of United States foreign policy is to labor for the unity of the West." Such unity is indeed *a* major task of our foreign policy. But *the* major task is the job of winning the Cold War, and "unity" becomes either good or bad according to its relevance to that goal. On the record, greater "unity" would probably increase rather than alleviate Western confusions.

Conditioned to think the "enemy" is not Communism but "nuclear holocaust," the Western powers seem capable of action only when their most vital interests are engaged. But even on these rare occasions, precisely because of the prevailing concern for "unity," decisive action is seldom forthcoming. Engaged in a vast web of commitments which involve "clearing" its action with other nations, the power whose interests are at stake must consult with those whose interests are not at stake. The

latter are more anxious to "ease tensions" than to secure a Western victory in the engagement at hand. Pressures open and covert are then exerted to subdue the nation clamoring for action, and *what was intended as a system of mutual aid becomes a system of mutual vetoes.*

The classic example of this procedure was the war in Korea, where American arms and treasure were deeply committed, but where British fears of a general Asian war dictated a strategy of timidity and hesitation. In 1956, the U.S. returned the favor by breaking up Britain's effort to regain control of the Suez Canal. In the first instance, American interests were involved but British policy predominated. In the second, the roles were reversed. In both, thanks to our mutual-veto relationship, the West suffered appalling defeats.

There are numerous other instances of the unhappy effects of "unity": In the Hungarian crisis, America prevented Spain from flying arms to the freedom fighters of Budapest. We helped pressure Belgium out of the Congo, the Dutch out of New Guinea, and the French out of Indochina and Algeria—all in the interest of "peace." We are now cooperating in a similar campaign against Portugal's presence in Angola, and browbeating the French for their audacity in developing a nuclear arsenal of their own. Without exception, the paraphernalia of unity have improved the position of the enemy, and weakened the defenses of the West. Had there been no network of clearances and multisided pressures, had each power acted on its own to protect its own interests, the West would have emerged, *ceteris paribus,* with victories instead of defeats.

It would of course have been better in all of these encounters if the Western allies had helped instead of interfered with the interested free world party. But *that* kind of unity presupposes a common strategic un-

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derstanding—that in Korea, Suez, Hungary, New Guinea, the enemy is not war, but Communism; that British and Belgian concern for Katanga is not simply a question of parochial economics but a matter of resistance to Moscow, of equal concern to everyone in the West. If such a common strategic vision existed, however, the problems to which Messrs. Strausz-Hupé *et al.* address themselves would not exist, and there would be no need for the political machinery of "Atlantic Community." Without that vision, the machinery they advocate would in all likelihood turn present indecision into the permanent rigidity of death.

An Unpublished Letter of Lawrence of Arabia

Through the courtesy of Mr. W. D. Vanrenen (whose father was the owner of the Daily Chronicle, *an English-language newspaper in India in the twenties) and with the kind permission of the Lawrence Trustees, we print below a previously unpublished letter of T. E. Lawrence. It was written as a private communication in comment on an article appearing in the* Daily Chronicle *when Lawrence was serving as Aircraftsman Shaw in Karachi in 1927. In view of the controversies that have arisen concerning the explanation of Lawrence's enlistment in the RAF, it should be of considerable historical and biographical interest.*

Dear Looker-on,

Your expectation that I might read your article was just. Two of our fellows brought it to me today, and begged me to answer it. I explained that writers never replied publicly to reviews, and that to write privately was dangerous, lest the other man gives me away. They contend that it's a decent article, and yourself patently all right! So here goes, for once. *Please* consider it aimed at your personal eye, only, and do not attempt to make the public wise. Be more discreet than myself.

I can't agree that I'm "concealed in India." The district knows that I'm at Drigh Road. The newspapers do not publish it, for the editors suspect that their more foolish readers might bother me; and if my presence in his camp becomes troublesome to a C.O. he tends to take it out of me. Since 1923 there has been no secret (in the RAF anyway) as to my service, name, rank or whereabouts.

Also please don't insult the RAF by talking of its "soldiers." That's the final term of abuse, between airmen. Soldiers are to us Sergeant-Majorish persons, lovers of clicked heels and jerks. Soldiers are teamservers, effective according to their obliteration of themselves as parts of the machine. Airmen are masters or servants of machines, and are efficient in proportion to the individual intelligence each can put into his particular job. And it's some job, this combined attack on a new element. The ideals of air and army are as far apart, and as commonly confused, as socialism and anarchy.

The passage you quote from "Revolt" dates, like the rest of the book, from the winter of 1919-1920, and it

was written in London, years before I enlisted. The later revision, in barracks, affected only details of style. But it is true that I had been in the ranks, before the war; and from 1919 my intention had been to enlist, as soon as I was free to do so.

You make something of my "assumed" name. "Lawrence" was assumed also. Shaw is as legally my name as a deed-poll can make it. You know that English law regards surnames only as a convenience: and Lawrence became, to me, a very convenient label.

I apologize for beginning every sentence with "I." That's the worst of

How Russia Stole the Atom Bomb

THE GREATEST PLOT IN HISTORY: How the Reds Stole the A-Bomb. By Ralph de Toledano. (Duell, Sloan & Pearce; $4.95)

Superlatives often are out of place but one would not want to quarrel with Ralph de Toledano's description of the theft of the A-bomb as the greatest plot in history. The awful implications of the A-bomb itself and how it changed the course of history are enough for this. But it is not generally known to what great lengths the Russians went to obtain the secret and how the Soviet spy net reached out in incredible ways to snare those who could contribute tidbits of knowledge of the bomb and how it was made.

The author has done full justice to a matter of surpassing interest. In one book he has pulled together the many threads of the Soviet espionage apparatus and gives a composite picture of how the Free World's greatest secret was obtained.

In the pages of "The Greatest Plot in History" the characters in a frightened drama come to life again far more vividly than they were in the headlines a decade or so ago. One encounters the plotters, the dupes, the fellow travelers and those for whatever misguided reasons contributed to the Communist cause in this endeavor.

There is an awful lesson in the stark facts of the theft of the atomic weapon. As the author makes clear, the security involving the hush-hush work on the atomic bomb was unbelievably insecure. The Federal Bureau of Investigation, for example, was not called in until the theft had been accomplished. The theft itself was not enough for the Russians; in other ways, the author points out, they sought to influence American policy so that work on the thermonuclear weapon would not be carried out.

Mr. de Toledano's book may not make for pleasant reading. But it is a gripping recital and the reader, once picking up the book, will be reluctant to put it aside as successively the author traces the stealthy work of Klaus Fuchs, the Rosenbergs, Henry Gold and many others involved in the plot.

—CECIL HOLLAND

(Reprinted from The Washington Sunday Star.)

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writing about oneself, and trying to be brief. Probably I'm wasting my time. People prefer legends. If I deny any particularly impossible yarn they say, "How modest this hero is." So the easiest thing to do is to dodge out of sight of the legend. If I had means I'd go into private life somewhere. As I haven't I choose the Air Force, where we see each other every day in our shirts, and can not entertain legends. In the ranks you are treated for what you are.

I agree that I'm not particularly neurotic—unless this voluntary letter is a first sign of the disease. Nor am I remorseful: nor do I betray my Arab clients. Above, I mentioned a three-year delay after the war before I enlisted. For two, the Cabinet and myself were having a dog-fight over their wartime promises. The fight ended in my appointment as Mr. Churchill's adviser, and in his appointment to rule the Middle East. That gave me a free hand to put through what I considered the best settlement of Irak, Trans Jordan, Palestine and Arabia. May I ask you to notice that we have killed no one there (and suffered no casualties, but each year a financial retrenchment) since 1921? The Arabs have their chance now—for what they are worth —of proving themselves capable of self-control, and Irak is nearly our first "brown" dominion. While meanwhile I benefited the Air Force, for which I care, by giving it executive responsibility there, in its youth.

The press represented me as advocating an Arab Empire, or Confederation, or something. Had they known my real aims, their attainment would have become more difficult for me. The London press in 1920 was a Fourth Estate, and any cause was lost which fell into press hands. It was my action at Jidda in 1921 which made Ibn Saud's advance on Mecca possible. I hope he holds it for some years yet. Syria is not our pudding. The Syrians brought the French there, deliberately. Their political education (and France's) is proceeding!

Agreed that Downing Street tried to play tricks. It was a Coalition habit. But I had eighteen months of office, and my settlement is knave-(but not fool-) proof. I'd be a poor creature if it wasn't: and a rat, if I'd voluntarily got out before the last of my men. As it was, I could (and did) retire with some self contentment, with the whole job done. I wanted the Arabs to have leave to make their own mess: and not to go on holding their hands to save them from messes. People learn by falling down, like babies.

THIS LETTER gets too long. It's as long as your article, and not so good. More apologies. But if you ask a man to explain his life he can't, unless he is a Balfour, put it on a half sheet of notepaper. I'm in the RAF because I like it and when people offer me larger boots, and talk of my wasting my "talents" (save the mark) in the ranks, I comfort myself with the sure knowledge that there's nothing else my talented self wants to do.

Perhaps I should explain that I'm broke, financially, because I think my leadership of the Arab Revolt was a fraudulent proceeding: and I'd be more ashamed of myself than I am, if I profited by it. You may say that the fraud succeeded, and that those who speculated with me received their reward. I think they got more, in proportion to their desert, than any other of the allies: and it is in English custom to promote the successful promoter to the House of Lords. But to my judgment success is perhaps the blackest side of a swindle.

This letter must stop. If ever you pass through Karachi between now

Random Notes

● MOVIES: Now that Sig Shore has bought the American distribution rights to a four-hour version of the seven-hour Russian *War and Peace*, Szymon St. Deptula, Professor of Movies at the University of Wisconsin, points out that this is not the first Russian filming of the novel, as generally supposed, but the third. The first two sound wonderful. They were both done in 1915, one by Y. A. Protazanov and V. R. Gardin (who also played Napoleon), all ten reels shot in twelve days. The other, titled *Natashe Rostova*, was made by P. I. Chardykin, who also did thirty-one other films that year. . . . Maud Linder, daughter of the French comic Max Linder (d. 1925), has completed an anthology film, *En Compagnie de Max Linder*, as part of the current Parisian vogue of Buster Keaton, Stan Laurel, Oliver Hardy and Harold Lloyd. Linder made some 600 films between 1905 and 1925. . . . Now Peter O'Toole is to play Tuan Jim in the Conrad novel. Richard Brooks will direct and the Cambodian Government has lent the country to Columbia. Filming begins in Hong Kong, in November.

● SHRINES: The Dymaxion Cabin which Buckminster Fuller designed for his friend Christopher Morley (who named it The Knothole) is to be moved to a hundred-acre tract of woods in Roslyn, L.I., as a permanent memorial to the author of *Parnassus on Wheels*.

● POETRY: Cassius Clay has recited his verses onto a Columbia Record, "I Am the Greatest." Marianne Moore is to write a tribute for the jacket.

● INCIDENTAL: *Variety* reports that the most popular name among East German babies, whose parents are protected by the Socialist Enlightenment from Rock and Roll, is Elvis.

Further notes on taste in the Deutsche Demokratische Republik: the bestseller at the moment is Dumas' *Three Musketeers*, followed by Mark Twain's *Innocents Abroad*.

● BOOKS: Grove is to bring out in November Harvey Einbinder's *The Myth of the Britannica*, a critique of the book that wows everybody except those who read enough of it to perceive the "enormous gap between the encyclopedia's lofty reputation and its actual contents." . . . William S. Tryon's *Parnassus Corner: A Life of James T. Fields* is a biography of Boston's grand old Victorian publisher who brought out the Transcendentalists (Houghton). . . . Harvard has just issued volumes 3, 4 and 5 of their edition of Benjamin Robert Haydon's *Diary* [Jan. 1825—June 1846], some of the best reading in English letters ($35).

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THE TALE OF BEATRIX POTTER, by Margaret Lane (Penguin, 95¢). When Mrs. Heelis of Sawry, first lady chairman of the Herdwick Breeders' Association, died in 1943 at the age of seventy-seven, the distressed world scarcely noted that it had lost Beatrix Potter, inventor of Flopsy, Mopsy, Cottontail, and Peter. Like Ruskin, who had only a bunch of keys for a toy in his austere infancy, Beatrix Potter was raised in Calvinist strictness. To fill her loneliness she turned to animals, mycology and art, none of which her cruelly proper parents thought fitting. Nor did they think the illustrating of books quite right; Beatrix was thirty when she defied authority and sent *Peter Rabbit* to a publisher. Not until she was forty-seven did she escape parental tyranny and marry. Her old age was happy and independent. While Peter Rabbit and his cousins joined all the folklores of the world, she raised sheep far beyond the exploitation of fame, becoming a respected authority on animal husbandry. Margaret Lane's biography chronicles with perfect sympathy the heroic transformation of a shy Victorian girl into the charming spirit from whom came the wisest and best of little children's literature in our time. One can rarely say of a book that its every sentence is indispensable to the tone and matter, but of this biography one can. Beatrix Potter deserved such a biographer, whose tribute to her simple, rich mind is in gratitude to a permanent gift to civilization. Illustrated with photographs and color plates. G. DAVENPORT

MISS BANNISTER'S GIRLS, by Louise Tanner (Farrar, $4.50). Intrepid indeed is the author whose humor

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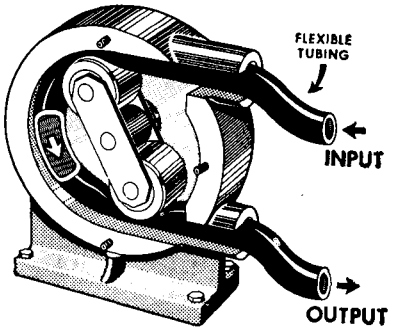

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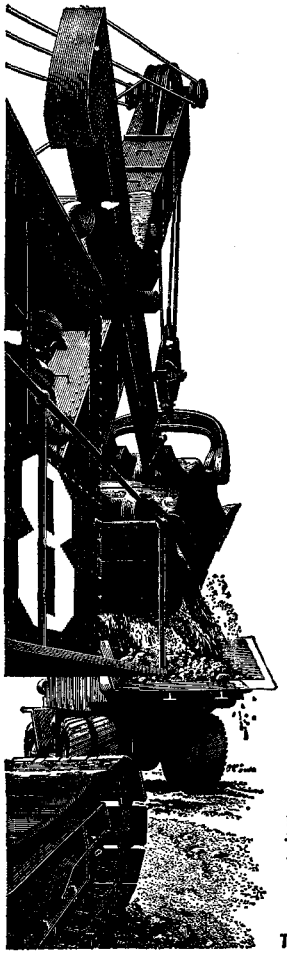

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depends on the exaggerated situation, the hyperbolic turn of phrase, the joke *ad absurdum*. The result can be as broad as Pantagruel's appetites, and successful; but if the satirist at any point oversteps the line of credulous acceptability, the battle is lost. Alas, in *Miss Bannister's Girls*, Louise Tanner (Mrs. Patrick Dennis) doesn't put up much of a fight. The idea seemed a natural. Introduce sixteen girls in the graduating class of a swanky and expensive New York private school, as they appeared in the pages of their 1940 Yearbook, and then see what the ensuing twenty years have wrought as they meet for reunion. By and large, Miss Bannister's Class of '40 is a horror. The star athlete has, predictably, become a Lesbian and an alcoholic; the star scholar, a lisle-stockinged (now honestly, where would you find lisle stockings even if you wanted to wear them these days?) spinster school teacher; the officious busybody, the new Miss Bannister. The budding nymphos have gone through a gaggle of husbands and lovers and a clutch of drying-out clinics and couches. One old Bannisterian has committed suicide (after finding a classmate in bed with her husband); one had a nervous breakdown (after Marrying Beneath Her); the child of a Broken Marriage calms her psyche by marrying a Catholic and bearing him twelve sons. Recommendation (sight unseen): if this sort of book appeals to you, why not wait for Mary McCarthy's forthcoming Eight Little Vassar Girls and How They Grew. P. L. BUCKLEY

TA TA, TAN TAN [*Fight Fight, Talk Talk*], by Valentin Chu (Norton, $4.95). This is must reading for those who want a factual account of life in Communist China. Chu, a young Chinese-American, worked for a paper in Shanghai and fled to Hong Kong when the Reds grabbed power; he remained in Hong Kong as a journalist until his return to the United States to work for a news magazine. Based upon avid reading of the Chinese press, scores of interviews with refugees, and a keen knowledge of the Chinese heritage, this history of the period from the Communist takeover to the present shatters many Communist myths. D. SNYDER

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To the Editor

Viva!

Run up the flag. Salute Russell Kirk for his remarkably acute profile of Senator Goldwater [Aug. 27]. Show this article to men of good instincts; assure them that Kirk has it right; and they might just say: there is a man; there is a *President.*

Pelham Manor, N.Y. NEIL MCCAFFREY

Nazism and Liberalism

Ernest van den Haag's review of Hannah Arendt's book on Eichmann [Aug. 27] was a superlative achievement. He correctly pointed out that a bureaucracy eventually undermines the individual's sense of responsibility for his acts. The bureaucrat's callousness does not seem reprehensible to him because he merely reflects the customs and rules of a system. It was good to see the analogy drawn between Eichmann and the UN atrocities in Katanga. Both the Nazi Reich and the UN had the view that their deeds were not adjudicatable by the ordinary rules of morality—much less Natural Law—because they stood for new and more important concepts—world rule through the superiority of the Master Race and world peace through world government.

What Hitler showed was that a Welfare State with a powerful executive could become a nightmare state, and that once the transformation begins, it is virtually irreversible, because there is no Constitutional restraint on the power hunger of the executive. And, as in this country, Hitler was even able to pack the courts with judges who found that Nazism was able to devise its own rules—a new doctrine to fit the new needs of new times. Our Supreme Court has been scarcely less subservient to Liberalism than the German courts were to Nazism.

By emphasizing the widespread implications of Miss Arendt's book, Prof. van den Haag has performed a notable service.

Boston, Mass. ARTHUR NORMAN

Pungent Point

Evasion is a dirty word. Dr. Needles' use of it [July 30] to characterize rhythm while speaking of "avoiding" pregnancy by pilling prompts pointing out that practicing rhythm is parallel to dieting (a penance to be sure, but proper), whereas preventing performance of personal parts, private or prandial, by proscription, to provide pleasure without producing progeny or pounds, is pernicious. Good Medical Doctor Needles should parley with a person proficient in natural law principles.

Delmar, N. Y. HARRY O'BRIEN

Medicarelessness

What is state medicine like? I am familiar with New York's Bellevue Hospital, which is run by the city government. Since 1960 I have attended the Medical Clinic on Mondays and the Gastroenterological Clinic on Fridays. The majority of my patients who attend the Medical Clinic are in the geriatric age group. They are interviewed in an open room in which four other patients are interviewed by either internes or resident physicians.

The most intimate questions are asked of these patients—within hearing range of everyone in the room, including doctors, nurses, patients and aides, and, often enough, plumbers, electricians, etc., who are in constant demand to repair the countless items needing said repair (the building must be at least seventy-five years old). Further, since a high proportion of the patients are in the geriatric age group, ofttimes the physician has to raise his voice because of the frequency of visits by the hard of hearing. After the interview the patients are examined in rooms in which the tables (for examination) are separated by neither walls nor screens. Get the picture—I am examining Mr. Smith on the examining table on the right and Dr. X is examining Mr. Jones on the examining table on the left. I may be doing a rectal examination on Mr. Smith while Dr. X is examining the ears of Mr. Jones—no privacy whatsoever.

The dignity of the individual is sacrificed under this socialized form of medicine.

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L'Etat C'est Lui

You may be interested to get the following information in connection with Colonel Argoud's paper which NATIONAL REVIEW recently printed [July 16].

The French (pro-Government) newspaper *Le Figaro* of August 9 carries a story by a Frankfurt correspondent according to which the German daily *Abendpost* has published a statement by a certain Bernard Philine, who claims the dubious honor of having been the head of the kidnapers.

Philine is said to have stated that the thugs who beat up and abducted Col. Argoud "did not act under the orders of French military or police authorities, but on their own."

This is, of course, ludicrous, as nobody can explain how a "private" group could have organized such a complex and costly operation: with what money? And how could they use an official French Army car?

Moreover, Philine is a known agent of the secret service; he "worked" in that capacity in occupied Austria after World War II.

It appears that Philine's clumsy attempt to deny the obvious fact that Argoud's kidnaping was planned and effected by special agents of Gen. de Gaulle's government is an answer to the NATIONAL REVIEW article; it proves that your courageous publication has had the merit of "smoking out" the authors of that infamous deed.

Mexico City JACQUES SOUSTELLE

Censorship Begins at Home

I thought that you might be interested in learning what happens when a conservative voices his views in a community comprised mostly of "free speech for everyone unless he disagrees with me" Liberals.

Last April, I learned that Women Strike for Peace, the Women's International League for Peace and Freedom, and several related organizations planned to insert a full-page advertisement in the *Riverdale Press*, my community's local newspaper, appealing to the citizens of Riverdale to throw their full support behind efforts to obtain a nuclear test-ban treaty. I made up my mind that the ad would not go unopposed, so I and two of my friends wrote letters attacking not the ad itself, but the sponsors of the ad in general and Women Strike for

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"The way to have good and safe government is not to trust it all to one; but to divide it among the many, distributing to every one exactly the functions he is competent to. Let the National government be entrusted with the defense of the nation, and its foreign and federal relations; the State government with the civil rights, laws, police and administration of what concerns the State generally; the counties with the local concerns of the counties and each ward direct the interests within itself. It is by dividing and subdividing these republics, from the great national one down through all its subordinations, until it ends in the administration of every man's farm and affairs by himself; . . . that all will be done for the best. What has destroyed liberty and the rights of man in every government which has ever existed under the sun? The generalizing and concentrating all cares and powers into one body, no matter whether of the autocrats of Russia or France or of the aristocrats of a Venetian Senate."

Thomas Jefferson

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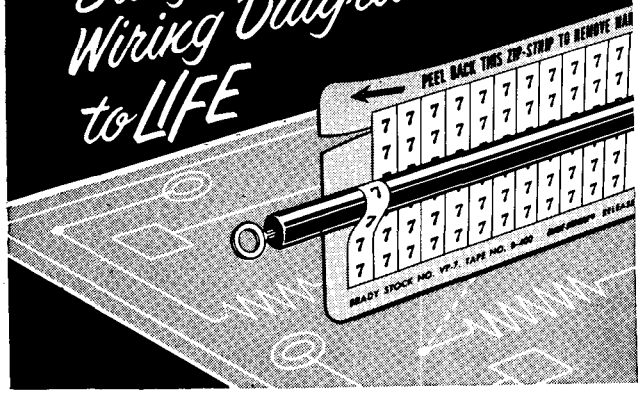

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Peace in particular. We attacked the policies of WSP as incredibly naive and extremely shortsighted. We denounced them as being helpful to the Communists and harmful to the United States.

All three of our letters were printed in the May 9 issue of the *Press*. Here is what happened in the following weeks:

May 16—the *Press* carried two letters opposing our views and none supporting them. One of the letters was written by a professor in Manhattan College, who has also written a leftist book entitled *Nuclear Disaster*.

May 23—My friends each got a rebuttal published in the *Press*. One letter was published supporting us. Five were published attacking us.

May 30—Part of a rebuttal which I had written was published—just enough to give the impression that I am a snotty brat with no respect for my elders (by the way, I should have mentioned that I am fifteen and my friends are sixteen and fifteen respectively). Several friends of my father commented that I was being very disrespectful of others' opinions.

June 6—WSP, aroused by the small vendetta being waged against it, got a letter published which carefully evaded the points we mentioned while telling of what a meritorious organization WSP is. One day earlier, my friend and I had talked to the editor of the *Press* and promised to stop writing rebuttals to the attacks on us.

Shortly after my first letter was published, a friend of my father's called our home and asked my father how long I had been a member of the John Birch Society. (I am not a member of the JBS). I haven't been allowed to hear the end of our action yet. All my father's friends, and some of my own, are convinced that I am a fascist, and I have been called "fascist" and "John Bircher" on many occasions. Few days pass in which someone or other does not mention something to me about my letters or the topics they deal with. And my father, himself a Liberal, has forbidden me to write any letters to the *Riverdale Press* which may cause a commotion—in other words, he says, any letters giving my political views.

Riverdale, N.Y. MARK JAMES ESTREN

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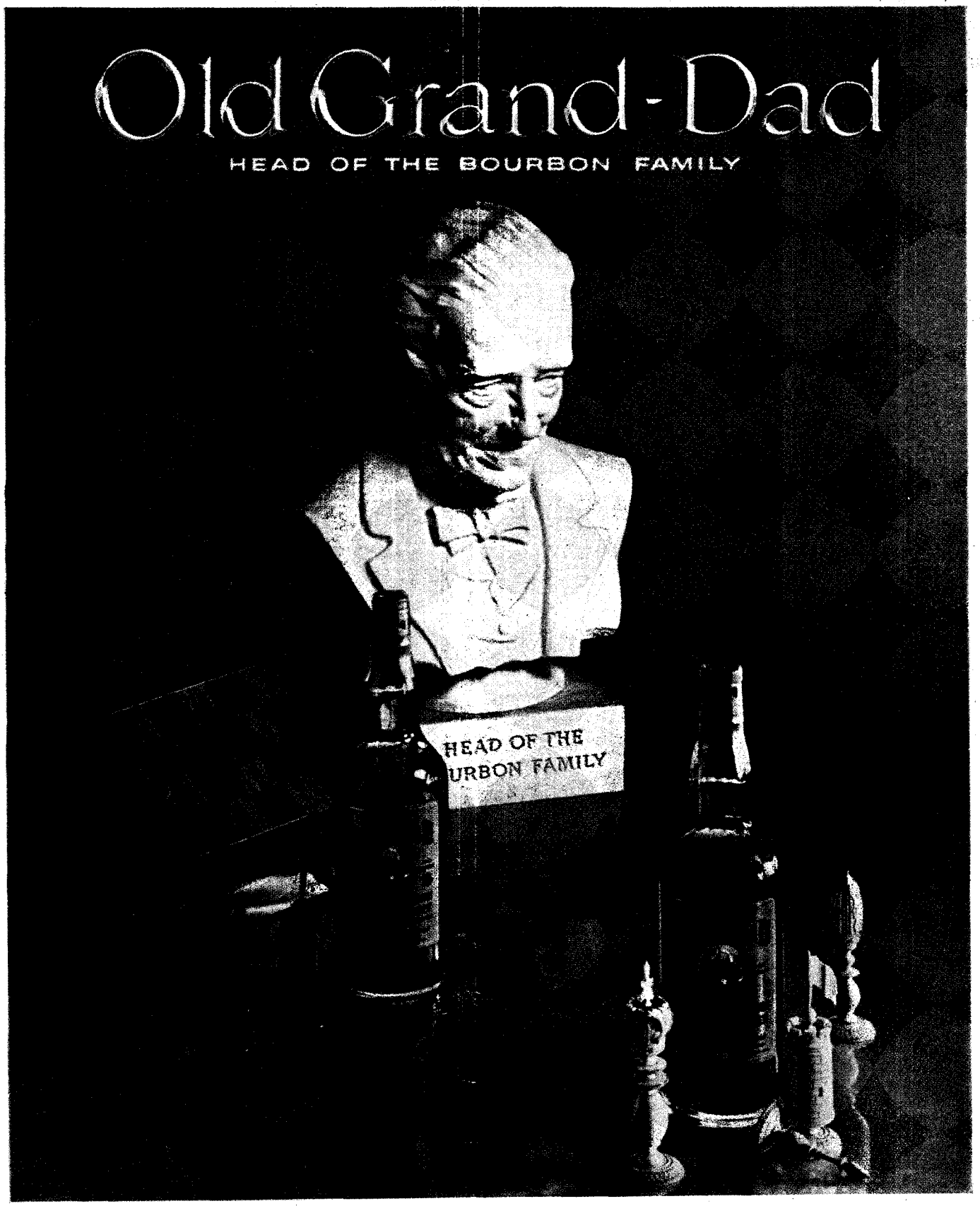

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